

PEOPLE I HAVE SHOT

JAMES JARCHÉ

WITH A FOREWORD BY
HANNEN SWAFFER

'Everybody who has the least
sensibility or imagination derives a
certain pleasure from pictures.'

—ROBERT MONTGOMERY



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TO
MY BROTHER PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS
PAST, PRESENT AND TO BE '

The author wishes to acknowledge with thanks the courtesy of the Editors of the *Daily Herald* and *Daily Sketch* in allowing him to reproduce photographs which have appeared in these papers.

FOREWORD

Just over thirty years ago, a new species of being invaded Fleet Street, and then pervaded the world. He was the Press Photographer. Because of his work since then, journalism has been transformed all over the world. I was in it at the beginning, and I know.

In the early days, reporters would not speak to him. But then, in those days, some men on penny newspapers wouldn't speak to me. We were a ha'penny. And we were also—a picture paper! It was a dreadful crime.

In those days, the press photographer was regarded as an animal almost beneath contempt. Where he had come from, nobody knew.

Often he had owned a small business as a photographer somewhere in the suburbs, one he had thrown up for the High Adventure of Fleet Street.

He earned, at the most, three or four pounds a week. Yet, at that salary, he went through the Balkan wars, and beat far-famed war correspondents at their own game. Gradually, he was sent all over the world. Indeed, he went abroad much oftener than the reporters did.

He went at a moment's notice, and always he had

to be there at the identical second. A reporter can pick his news up afterwards. If a photographer is a minute late, he cannot get anything.

In those early days, I defended the press photographer. I was an 'Art' Editor! I knew his worth. I knew the big job he was doing. I saw the importance of it. Few did.

Then, one day, years afterwards, half-way through the War, Lord Northcliffe showed me, in his office in Printing House Square, the proof of a page of pictures going in *The Times* next morning.

'You seem to have won,' he said. He had always hated 'pictures'. They had beaten him.

To-day, every newspaper prints 'pictures', especially when they are not worth it. They have become a habit. The papers that originally sneered at press photography and all its works, now print sillier ones than anybody. When photographs are particularly dull; they put underneath the names of two photographers instead of one.

Now I have known, in my time, all the great press photographers. I use the word 'great', knowing what it means. The job requires courage and tact. It requires persistence. It requires such photographic skill that, every time you expose a plate, you should be able to say, with certainty, 'That's a front page!'

It is perhaps because the author of *People I Have Shot* knows of my liking for his kind that he has asked me to write a foreword for him.

Well, I have many friends in the world of press photography. Perhaps Jim Jarché is the most intimate. He has worked under me on two daily papers, and with me on a third.

I have seen him in the office hundreds of times, and outside the office. He has been with me on jobs. We have laughed our way in his motor-car for hundreds of miles. He has carried my bag. He has dug up, for me, facts I was too lazy to get. He has dealt with my telephone calls. He has smoked my cigars. If necessary, I think he would have cleaned my boots.

He would, indeed, do anything. You could take him anywhere, and, whatever the company was, he would add to its gaiety, tell, indeed, the best stories and cause most of the laughter. He made life easy.

I remember, for instance, stopping a writing tour because Jim Jarché had been promised to another journalist, whose name you all know.

'If I cannot have Jarché, I shall return,' I said.

'If I cannot have Jarché, I won't go to Wales,' he told Them.

The battle over Jarché went on for hours.

'The two *prima donnas* are quarrelling,' said the staff, 'and over a damned press photographer!'

We both won. The other fellow got the photographer. I left off working.

I remember once sending a press photographer to Siam, to photograph the new king's coronation. On

a boat, he met somebody, who said to him, 'Is it true you are going to Siam?'

'Yes, I want to photograph the coronation.'

'That's extraordinary,' said the other fellow. 'I am the new king. A coronation's never been photographed in Siam. It's all very sacred, you know. But I'll get you in.'

So, for the first time, an Oriental coronation was photographed, in all its details.

I remember, too, sending a photographer to Toulouse for the degradation of a naval officer who sold secrets to the Germans because he had loved a dancer. The photographer, seeing the array of troops and police, was asked for his pass. He brought out a blue paper, and was *immediately* allowed right into the middle of the ceremony. He had shown his final demand for income-tax!

I remember once sending a photographer to save the starving inhabitants of St. Kilda, organizing the trip on my day off, in a few hours. I called up Sir Thomas Lipton and made him open his Glasgow store to provide the food. On the next day, a Sunday, a tug left, in all haste. Unfortunately, the interfering British Navy, run then by Winston Churchill, heard of it and got there first! So my photographer, met on the beach by an inhabitant of St. Kilda, who had been starving a few days before, was greeted by the words, 'Do you want to buy any Harris tweeds?'

A press photographer was the first passenger to fly

in a Zeppelin. A press photographer was the first man who ever went down the burning crater of Vesuvius. A press photographer found the photograph of Ethel Le Neve, the one that caught Crippen, after Scotland Yard had failed.

They went everywhere and did everything. And, despised and kicked out though they were at first, the time came when the King, in the middle of the Durbar ceremony, turned round to my photographer, and said, 'Did you get that all right?'

A few years ago, you were not allowed to photograph at Newmarket. If you went anywhere near the Royal Family with a camera, you risked arrest. Now, travelling monarchy will often say, at a railway station, 'Where are the photographers?' And if they have been kept back by over-officious officials, the King has said, 'Let the photographers come forward.'

Well, all that may seem irrelevant. But it provides the background.

Jim Jarché has moved in all the worlds at which I have hinted. He has been everywhere, and seen most things. And he has always carried with him a good humour and a good nature that have seen him through many difficulties.

I am glad that, at last, a press photographer has written the story of his life. There have been books about press photography. But *People I Have Shot* tells the story of a man.

It would make a wonderful film, the story behind

how the news is born, and how, in less than an hour or two, the news dies, how something that is thought priceless overnight is, a few days afterwards, thrown idly on the floor.

HANNEN SWAFFER

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CHAPTER I

MY FIRST SHOT

I REMEMBER my first shot as vividly as though it were yesterday. I was nine years of age, living in Union Road, Rotherhithe, with my parents, who had a large and successful photographic business.

At this time, Rotherhithe was one of the roughest parts of the Thames-side, and the roads leading to the river, down towards the wharfs and piers, were considered dangerous at night. For there were perpetual fights between foreign sailors whose boats had docked there. It was the case of a word and a blow, the latter often delivered with a knife. It was no unusual thing to hear screams and shrieks of murder, and to see the police rush to the scene.

On the other hand, there was plenty of money about, for there were engineering and barge-building works on the wharves.

About ten o'clock one November night, we were all sitting round the parlour fire in the old rocking-chairs which were a feature of my home. My mother was darning, my father, swinging himself gently to and fro, was strumming a guitar and croon-

ing a French song to himself, with a cigarette between his lips. My sister and I were playing halma, sitting very still because our parents had forgotten us, and we were achieving our desire to stay up late.

Outside it was pitch dark, for a thick fog had drifted in from the river, and even our room seemed full of it.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. My father opened it, and I saw, standing on the threshold, a lighterman, with a red woollen muffler wound tightly round his turned-up collar, and a peaked cap drawn low over his eyes. His beard, also red, I remember, was damp from the fog, and drops of moisture hung on his heavy eyebrows.

He shook himself like a large dog, and stood there for some minutes speechless, panting and agitated.

'Well, what do you want?' my father asked him.

The man was hoarse either from cold or emotion, and stammered as he spoke. But the gist of the matter was that he wanted my father to go with him then, at once, to take a photograph of his mother.

'At this time of night? Why? Where does your mother live?' my father wanted to know.

'She's d-d-dead,' stuttered the man. 'Two hours ago.' He went on to explain that she possessed a great number of relations who lived in Australia and who had not seen her for a long time. He

thought that they would like to have a photograph of her.

After some deliberation, my father agreed to go, for though such a photograph would not be every one's choice, there is no disputing of tastes.

Then he turned to me. 'Come along, Jimmy! You shall carry the tripod for me.'

My mother protested loudly and volubly against my going, but at last her objections were overborne, and out into the night we went, my father, I, and our guide.

Union Road itself was dark, the street lights gleaming faintly through the fog, the traffic on the road moving at a snail's pace. But there was life. When we turned off into a side street and made towards the river, we stepped into darkness, and a silence broken only by the scream of the sirens of boats feeling their way to dock.

Our guide, a little way ahead of us, walked quickly; I, with my hand in my father's, had to trot at his side to keep up with him. We went along the winding streets, and finally dived into an unlighted alley.

The lighterman stopped at the last house, which was entirely without lights in any of the rooms, and pushed open the front door. A smell of warm, crowded, unwashed humanity came flooding out, mingled with countless odours of cooking.

'Phew!' said my father, 'what is this place?'

It was an apartment house, let out in rooms, the man explained. His mother was lying in a front

room on the top floor. So we followed him along a passage and groped our way up a staircase with each stair creaking under us as we went, and the man lighting matches to show us the way.

On the first landing my father cursed softly under his breath, and pulled his hand from mine.

'I've forgotten the tripod head, Jimmy,' he said. 'You wait here. I'll be back in a couple of minutes.' He disappeared down the stairs; the man had disappeared up, and I could hear him calling to me softly to come on.

At the third landing, he too found he had forgotten something: his candle. So he slipped past me to go and get one and I was left alone in the darkness, with my heart doing stunt tricks between my mouth and my boots. For it was one thing to go adventuring with my father, for whom I entertained a great hero-worship. It was another to be left alone.

I had not been alone for more than a couple of minutes before I heard the man coming upstairs, and I saw the shadows cast by the stump of candle which he held over his head, so as to throw the light forward.

His face looked white as a ghost's in the surrounding darkness. The shadows of the banisters came crawling towards me up the walls and ceiling in weird, fantastic shapes. As he approached, I turned, and found that I was standing in an open doorway. At the same minute the light of the candle fell upon

the wax-white face of the dead woman, who was lying on a bed close to me, so close that I could have touched her. A sheet was drawn up to her chin. Her eyes were wide and staring and her lower jaw had fallen open.

With a yell loud enough to have awakened her even from that sleep, I flung myself upon the man who was at the top step, clinging to him like a small human clam, and incidentally extinguishing the candle.

When my father arrived on the scene a few minutes later, he found me screaming myself into a fit, while various heads peered round doors demanding what the noise was about.

He quietened me in a moment. 'Come along!' he soothed me. 'I'll take you home.'

Do you think I would go? Not I! There was no fear for me where my father was, nothing but a great curiosity to see what he was going to do.

Within a minute or two, I had dried my tears and had forgotten that I ever had been afraid. In fact I helped him. I stood at the head of the bed, holding a magnesium ribbon by the light of which my father could take his photograph. I was so mightily interested in watching him focus up for this still 'sitter', that I forgot what I was doing, and held the ribbon too close to a dingy lace curtain. It immediately burst into flames, the fire running upwards to the ceiling.

Before any harm could be done, the dead woman's

son sprang forward and tore the curtain down. Then he threw open the window and flung the blazing mass out into the street, to the consternation of the neighbours who saw it fall. But nothing further happened, for the fire soon burned itself out on the damp pavement.

This first shot of mine was a strange experience for a child. I should not recommend it to any one else, for the result might easily have been bad. But on the whole I believe it did me good. To begin with, it took away from me for ever the fear of the sight of death, and in the second place, it put a stiffening into me, which has since stood me in good stead in my life as a Press photographer. It is a good life, a full life, both amusing and interesting, but it is also one in which a man needs the eyes of a lynx, the patience of Job, and the strength of a lion, coupled with the hide of a rhinoceros.

My parents were French. Since photography in Paris was not a paying proposition, they came over to England without a penny piece, in company with my father's brother, Serge, also a photographer, who worked for Lafayette.

My father started in a very small way. He went about with a camera to photograph horses, shops, houses, anything and everything. Since he was a born artist, his work invariably gave satisfaction, and orders began to flow in. As soon as he had saved enough money, he opened a business in Union Road, Rotherhithe, where we also lived. He did not need

to advertise. He was himself a living advertisement, a 'once-seen-never-forgotten' sort of figure. For he stood over six feet high, and his pointed beard, pale, interesting face, and shock of black wavy hair gave him the appearance of Svengali in du Maurier's *Trilby*. He also affected the dress of an artist, wearing a braided black velvet coat, black and white check trousers, and a loose flowing tie. With his long, slender fingers he ought to have been either a surgeon or a musician.

Naturally he was an attraction. He became the figure-head of Rotherhithe, everybody's friend. He even achieved the distinction of being known by his surname only, and although he had an operator, clients invariably asked for Jarché. 'Engaged? Then I'd rather wait,' they'd say.

As time went on, business hummed, and before long my father opened another shop on the Tower Bridge Approach, with the studio in the Tower Bridge Hotel. There was a third one at Balham.

Our speciality was one cabinet and six cartes-de-visite for half-a-crown. These were very highly glazed, so as to look almost as though they were enamelled, and the centre part of the photograph was raised upon a mount of cotton-wool. It was cheap work, but they had Bond Street lighting, for my father was an expert at that. He taught his finishers something of his own skill, so that the photographs which left his studio were invariably pleasing to the sitters.

The girls from the factories, from Peek Frean's, from the Mazawattee Tea Co., and the ladies from the Star Musical Hall, Bermondsey—they all flocked to Jarché's and he gave them portraits of themselves looking like beauties.

Ours was mostly week-end custom, and the crowd on the Tower Bridge Approach was sometimes so big on a Sunday morning that the police had to keep the queue in order.

My father had also another and very different side to his work.

At that time, Scotland Yard had no photographic department, of its own, but engaged men for the job of photographing any exhibits wanted by the police.

My father did this in Rotherhithe. The work consisted of photographing cheques, thought to have been forged, or footprints, or sometimes a ship which had collided with another, or a tram which had fouled the points. But as a rule the objects to be photographed were bodies taken from the river, or seamen found on the wharves with their throats slit by some irate shipmate.

The payment was so much per body, and on the average there were perhaps two or three a week.

On these occasions I used to go with my father as his assistant. My anxiety to act in this capacity was heightened by the fact that the police-sergeant at the station always gave me (as he did everybody else) a carbolic tablet to suck before we began work.

'Open your mouth, Jimmy,' he'd say, and, exceedingly pleased with myself, I would do as I was told, and get the sweet. I was also proud that I could help, yes, really help! For though at the beginning I only carried the tripod, before long I used to start to focus up, if my father were delayed talking to the police. I used even to help my father to shift his 'client' into a better position. Oh, yes! I was a very big man in those days, frightened of nothing, until one day a body, which had been months in the water and was swollen three times its normal size, groaned as we moved it. 5

'He's alive,' I shrieked, very much more nervous of life than I was of death. I remember vividly how the policeman in attendance, always amused at my self-importance, shouted with laughter.

I was also a big man in my visits to the music hall. John Hart, the lessee of the old Star, Bermondsey, from which so many variety celebrities graduated, was a close friend of my father. I used to go in and out at will to see Marie Lloyd, Kate Carney, T. Dunville, Chirgwin, and all the rest.

I once accepted Sam Mayo's challenge to anyone to come up on to the stage and sing a verse of his song, imitating him. The audience laughed when I went up, for I was very small, but they laughed more when through sheer nerves I could not open my mouth.

Coupled with my taste for corpses and comedies, I was a most ardent attendant at the Salvation Army.

But although I was learning life and was getting to be thoroughly at home with a camera, I was not making progress at school, for the simple reason that I did not go. I played truant for the sake of playing cricket in the street, until one day, having done a swipe to boundary, I found my father behind me acting as wicket. Later he acted so efficiently in another capacity that I decided to pursue my studies.

I was sent to St. Olave's Grammar School, but here again I came to no good, and my stay was short. For my claims to fame at that very excellent establishment were not based on scholastic triumphs, but on my clashes with authority.

One day, after an interview with the Head Master, Mr. Rushbrooke, which was infinitely more painful to me than it was to him, whatever the moralists may say, it was intimated to my parents that my room was preferable to my company and that St. Olave's and I were in future to be strangers to one another. I took the news more philosophically than they did, but all the same I did go to the school again to see Mr. Rushbrooke.

During the war I walked into his study one day, wearing the uniform of a company serjeant-major of the Army Gym Staff.

He shot out his hand, but he did not remember me.

'Yet I seem to know your face,' he mused, looking at me, but failing to place me as one of his 'old boys'.

'My face was not the portion of my anatomy which came in for most of your attention, sir,' I reminded him. 'My name is Jarché.'

'Jarché,' he repeated vaguely, as he left his seat and went to a filing-cabinet to look up my record.

The report he found was not merely black. It was worse than that, for across the card there was scrawled in red ink the fatal word 'Expelled'.

He remembered me then, very vividly. 'You were a very bad lad in those days,' he told me severely, for naturally no schoolmaster likes to be confronted with one of his failures. 'What have you been doing with yourself since?' But I had not come to talk about myself, though that is a temptation which finds out most people's weak spot. I had come on the spur of the moment, because when I stopped outside the Bank Station to buy a box of matches from a man in the gutter, I recognized in him the fellow who had always been the top boy of the form.

Mr. Rushbrooke thanked me for coming, and said he would investigate the case. Nor would he let me go. He kept me there talking to him for a long time, and . . . in spite of that red blot on my record, I am still one of the old Olavians.

My father was an inveterate smoker. He smoked incessantly, accounting for over a hundred cigarettes a day. He had the bad habit of inhaling all his smoke and not releasing it. Apparently he swallowed it, but when the cigarette was finished he would let

out a great volume of smoke, with the effect of a human volcano.

No constitution could stand the liberties he took with his, and in 1901 his lungs became affected. He was taken to Ventnor to hospital, but he refused to obey any rules and continued to smoke. He died there the same year with a cigarette in his mouth.

My mother was left with three businesses all flourishing. Being a wise woman, she decided that if she were going to carry on with any show of success, she must know something about photography herself.

So we studied the camera together, she and I, and in trying to teach one another all we knew, we both learned more. Then we started to practise, each taking photographs of the other. My mother was so intent on perfecting herself, that she took me in all kinds of poses. There were photographs of me standing, sitting, laughing, crying, doing everything and anything, and taken from all angles. And there is also *the* photograph which I venture to think is unique. For while she was so busily engaged in working at photography, mother decided that I needed a firmer hand than I should now get at home, and made arrangements for me to go to a boarding-school at Ramsgate.

When the usual list of necessary clothing came, we discovered that the Sunday uniform of the school was an Eton suit. At this time, I would not wear long trousers. I would not do it. Authorities could



do what they would to me. I would have died sooner than give in. If I had been a modern child, they would have said I had a complex. As it was, they called it something different. In the end, however, as the price of peace, my mother obtained permission for me to wear a mortar board, Eton jacket and wide white collar, with cycling knickers! . . .

In this garb she photographed me, and in this garb I appeared at school on the first Sunday of the new term.

Not even that leader of fashion, the Prince of Wales himself, ever created such a furore as I did that morning, when the school, to a man, jeered and sneered and hooted at me. At first it seemed as though my life were going to be a misery, for the hand of every one was against me and I conscientiously fought every boy who smiled, or who I thought did so. But I gained an unexpected ally in the person of the Head, who was such a pronounced anti-Socialist that he supported this exhibition of individualism.

It was also fortunate for me that custom blunts the point of the keenest joke; so, after a short time, the school turned its attentions from my sartorial eccentricities to fresh fields.

Besides, however I was clothed, I was good at games, and I returned to Rotherhithe when my schooldays were over with only one idol, Hackenschmidt.

What man had done, thought I, man could do.

There would shortly arise another and even more famous wrestler, Jarché by name.

I wrote to Hackenschmidt, telling him of my admiration and asking for his advice, but I increased the post office revenue without any benefit to myself, for the great man never answered my letter.

It would have taken more than that to deter me at this time. Untroubled by any sort of qualms, I joined the Grange Park Wrestling Club, where I met lightermen, stevedores and other hefty fellows in the ring. They were generally heavier than I was, but their extra brawn did not make up for their lack of brain. Using my mind as well as my muscles when wrestling them, I soon learned to throw them easily.

By this time, I had gained quite a local reputation, and when a paper called *Health and Strength*, which is still running, organized a Catch-as-catch-can wrestling tournament, open to all weights and to all the world, my club wanted me to try my luck.

So I entered as a middleweight and wrestled my way fairly easily into the final.

In this, I was to meet Gunner Easter of the Royal Field Artillery, which was stationed at Woolwich.

The match was memorable for one thing. The gunner, raising his head quickly, took off my left eye-tooth. I did not feel it go. At that moment I had other things to think about. But at the end, when I had beaten him, I found that my mouth was bleeding. When I went into the dressing-room later on,

I discovered the doctors debating whether or not to remove my tooth, which was neatly embedded in the gunner's scalp. They decided to leave it where it was, and so, though I won the cup, the gunner had my tooth as a sort of consolation prize, and probably has it till this day.

But prize cups, however ornate, do not keep the domestic pot aboiling, and ours certainly needed some added fuel, for the three businesses which my father had built up were not doing well. Their success had been due as much to his personality as to the excellence of his work.

Without him, and his wit and quips, the studio lost half its charm, and the clientèle scattered.

My mother's work was good enough, and still is, for she has only just been induced to retire from active business at the age of seventy. But she could not pretend to have my father's flair for getting on with people, and to her dismay all the three businesses slowly but steadily began to go down. She quickly made up her mind to give up the other two, and to concentrate upon the one in Rotherhithe.

I knew nothing about this until all the arrangements had been made and the deal completed. I was too busy wrestling as an amateur for half-a-crown medals to trouble about such a trifle as daily bread. As for the camera, I never touched it. There was no time.

Then one day, without any beating about the bush, my mother pointed out to me that he who will not

work, neither shall he eat. She did not put it exactly like that, but the idea was the same, and she made her meaning crystal clear to me.

I saw her point of view at once. She saw to that. So comforting myself with the reflection that at any rate I was retiring unbeaten, I regretfully put wrestling behind me and prepared to find life real and earnest.

As a first step towards earning my living, I answered an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* which ran: 'Wanted, a young photographer with a bicycle to tour the home counties, to photograph schools. Apply by letter only.'

A few days later I was sent for to an interview somewhere in Camden Town. Thanks to my father's name and reputation, I was given the job, and told that my written instructions would arrive by post on Monday.

After that, for the next fourteen weeks, I used to set off with my cycle every Monday morning to wherever I was sent. I did the first part of the journey through the suburbs by train, but when I reached my district, I cycled, taking photographs of various schools . . . the outside of the building, the head teacher, and the children while classes were in progress.

It was pleasant, easy work. I met a number of people and was given a great deal of hospitality.

During this time, I was earning on an average £7 a week, £6 of which I used to give to my mother.

Needless to say, I went up immediately, by leaps and bounds, in her estimation. For, however unlikely it is that a 'mother's tender care shall cease towards the child she bare', yet there is something very cheering, even to the maternal heart, in watching a liability turn into an asset.

To this day, I do not know who used the photographs. I left with excellent references, but I found that there was no need for me to plan my future. My mother had been doing that, and had decided that I should be turned into a Bond Street photographer. When that came about, we were all to live happily ever afterwards.

So she apprenticed me to a famous firm, since defunct. In consideration of £30 for my indentures, they undertook to stamp me with the hall-mark of Bond Street. It was also arranged that while I was with them I was to receive 10s. a week as pocket-money. The manager, who saw me on the morning I arrived, was very kind to me. He personally took me over the studio, which I privately thought was not half as artistic as my father's. He casually mentioned various famous people, including Royalty, who had sat for him. He concluded the interview by drawing a very pleasant picture of myself, shooting the great and mighty in a rosy and not-too-far distant future. Then he presented me with a golden half-sovereign in advance for the week's lunches and fares, and coming sharply down to realities, handed me over to the chief operator

for whom I was to mix developers, and generally make myself useful.

If that operator was glad to have a boy hanging about him, he managed to conceal the fact very well. He took no notice of me at all beyond looking thunderous, and went on with his work in silence.

'My father was a photographer, sir,' said I, rushing in where any angel might have been excused for having cold feet.

'I don't care a damn what he was,' was the unprepossessing answer. 'Get on with your work.'

Properly snubbed, I started to look up the formula. But since I had not an idea where anything was kept, I had to speak to him again, to ask him where was the sulphate and where the sulphide.

He couldn't have been angrier if I'd asked for the moon, with a star or two thrown in as make-weight. He urged me to go to many places, all warm; to go anywhere; in fact, so long as I kept quiet and did not bother him.

But that was not my line of country. I had been a wage-earner. I was Jarché, son of Jarché. I was an amateur wrestling champion. I kept that last fact to myself, but I did tell him that my mother had paid £30 of the best to have me taught, and so what about it?

He answered that question quickly, for in a couple of strides he came across the room and slapped my face hard. 'To teach you to keep a civil tongue in

your head,' he said. After that, he would have retired to get on with the work he found so important.

But he never got the chance to do so. My blood was up, and I seized hold of him, dragged him across the room, and, opening the door, threw him down the iron stairway which led from the dark room to the ground floor. I was far too angry to be afraid of consequences. With great satisfaction, I watched him go bumpety-bump from step to step, learning, I hoped, manners *en route*.

But I did not stop to inquire whether his education had been improved by my assistance. Nor did I wait to find out whether he were hurt. I had had enough of Bond Street, and more than enough. Its ways were not my ways, nor its thoughts my thoughts. I seized my hat from its peg and bounded down the stairs after him. At the bottom I leapt over his prostrate body lying in a heap, and with that ten shillings safely in my possession, footed it for home.

As soon as she heard my story, my mother was away to Bond Street like a shot. Mingled with maternal fury at the treatment of her son was Gallic thrift, intent on getting her money back.

By the time she had dealt faithfully with him, hands, face, eyes all helping her tongue to emphasize her point, the manager did not think it worth his while to argue the case with her. He not only repaid her the indenture money there and then, but he also

forgot to ask for the ten shillings which he had advanced to me. He probably reckoned that half-sovereign well spent in getting rid of her . . . and me.

Thus ended my one and only excursion into the realms of polite photography.

Then began my entry into 'The Street'. It happened in this wise.

While I was still at home, wondering what I should do, since it never occurred to me to go into my mother's business, I was walking one day in Southwark Park. I had my camera with me, for all my interest in photography had revived and I never moved without it. I was always on the look-out for a likely picture, and this day I saw my chance in some ragged urchins playing 'over-back', which is, in that part of the world, the name for leap-frog. They were happier than kings even before these days when Continental monarchs sit upon slippery thrones. Their laughter was good to hear. From the distance even their tatters looked picturesque. They were alive in every limb. I shot them, and when I developed the plate found that I had an excellent natural picture, with good lighting, by which I mean play of light and shade.

This snap was a most important factor in my career, for at my mother's suggestion, I sent it up to the *Daily Mirror*, which was one of the only two London picture papers in those days, the *Daily Sketch* being still a coy provincial, living in Manchester.

To my surprise, the *Daily Mirror* sent me half a guinea, and used the print. Then once again my mother saw possibilities in this which had not occurred to me.

'Go up and see somebody on the *Daily Mirror*,' she urged on. 'Press photographer! That would be fine!'

So without a word of recommendation from anybody, and without knowing a soul on Fleet Street, I went to the *Mirror* office and asked to see the Art Editor.

He was then, as he is now, Mr. Bartholomew. I asked him for a job, reminding him of the snap which he had bought from me. He was very kind to me, praising my work as promising, but he refused to take me. I remember the words he used.

'I've no room for beginners myself,' he said. 'I only take experienced men. But go over to the World's Graphic Press in Whitefriars Street and see Mr. Warhurst. Tell him I sent you. He may be able to help you.'

It was, though I did not know it then, the best advice he could possibly have given me. In the light of after events, I can never be grateful enough to him for it. For in Mr. Warhurst I met a man in a million, who played in my life the combined parts of Father Christmas, fairy godmother, guide, critic and friend.

He was a man of about fifty, six feet in height and weighing over eighteen stone. In spite of a broken

nose, for he was an old-time fighter, he was very good-looking, and his smile would have drawn water from a rock. He had a quick, sharp way of speaking and a temper like tinder, but he knew how to get the best out of men. Incidentally he was the cleverest Art Editor Fleet Street has ever known, and he trained some very fine press photographers, such as the Consolé brothers, Vicary, Muirhead, Curtis and Chapman. The last was a Welshman who wore red mittens with a morning coat, under the tails of which he strapped his camera. He was a first-class man at his job, and Warhurst often used to say to me, 'You'll never be a Chapman, my lad.'

My first interview with Warhurst was typical of what our future relations were going to be all the time I worked for him.

'Hallo!' he greeted me. 'You're a likely looking lad. What do you know about photography?'

I told him who I was and about my father. I told him the stories mentioned in the beginning of this chapter, about the dead woman and the police work at Rotherhithe, and the disastrous end to the Bond Street venture. He laughed heartily at that, and the long and short of it was that he offered to take me on at 25s. a week. But he did far more for me than that. He loaned me a reflex press camera, a thing costing about £40, with a very delicate and complicated mechanism.

'Don't trouble to come to the office for a week,' he told me. 'Take this home and study it. Here's

a box of plates for you. Don't let me see you again until you can use it.'

I've never been quite so uplifted as I was on that journey back to Rotherhithe, with a hat now slightly too small for my rapidly swelling head.

For I was a press photographer! I was on Fleet Street!

During the week, I learned that camera thoroughly. I snapped everything snappable, and many things which were not. When I turned up at Whitefriars Street, Mr. Warhurst said that the photographs would pass muster. He approved the fact that I was keen, and taught me dark-room routine, taught me this and that, taught me in fact everything I know about photographing for the Press. Moreover every Wednesday evening, I dined at his house with the family party gathered round him once a week, and from which he would brook no absentees.

He sent me out here, there and everywhere. My salary sailed up to £3 15s.—good money in those days—and with an extra 2s. bonus for every negative used, I sometimes made it up to £8 or £9 a week. But the first job I ever did for him was very nearly my last.

'Get your camera, my lad,' he said, 'and go up to Hyde Park. You're sure to hit something worth shooting there.'

I wandered about without much success, and then standing by the railings of Rotten Row, I thought I would try to get an action picture of horses at the

gallop. Presently I saw exactly what I wanted. Coming towards me was a very beautiful white horse, with a lady on its back. That, I may say, was the order in which I saw them. There was also a bay horse accompanying them, with a gentleman up.

At ten yards I shot. I could have vowed it was good. When they came opposite me, they reined in and asked what I was doing.

'Press!' I answered, and the word tasted very sweet on my lips.

That seemed to please them. At any rate they immediately offered to pose for me. So they both dismounted, and I shot the four heads together in a taking, if rather sentimental pose. They walked away, then turned and came towards me, leading their mounts. I used up all my plates on them.

'Since even to my untutored eyes, the lady was pretty, I asked for her name.

'Zena Dare,' she said, and in reply to my further question the young man volunteered, 'Maurice Brett.'

The names meant nothing to me, but I took the precaution to jot them down, thanked them, and started off for the office.

Waiting for a bus by Hyde Park Corner, I saw a paper-man with a placard, 'Famous Actress Betrothed'.

I bought a paper from him and jumped on my bus.

The first words that leapt to my eyes were the names, Zena Dare and the Hon. Maurice Brett.

Press photographers, I also learned, had so far failed to find them.

Never did a bus move so slowly as mine did that day. I knew I had a scoop, my first, and the feeling was like nothing in the wide world. When I reached the office, I ran up those five flights of stairs as though the foul fiends were after me.

Forgetful of everything except my news, I burst into Mr. Warhurst's room, where a conference was in progress. Without apology I blurted out my news.

Warhurst left the conference at once, and on the landing outside executed a sort of war-dance with his arms above his head. Being slightly bow-legged, the result was strange though impressive. I felt important.

He telephoned round. He sang my praises to the skies. I was his discovery, his white-headed boy. He hurried me into the dark room, slammed the door and told me to be quick. Time was money now.

I filled the dishes with developer. Trembling with excitement I opened the camera. I clapped my hand over my mouth to stop myself shouting. For there was nothing inside. Not one slide was loaded. I had forgotten to put in any plates.

For some minutes I stood there, feeling the world go to pieces under my feet. I didn't know what to do. It seemed to me that there was not a corner of the world far enough away for me to hide my wretched head.

'What are they like?' yelled the printers, who were waiting outside the door

'I don't know yet,' I bleated

Presently, for the time was getting on, Mr Warhurst came, 'What are they like, boy?'

'I don't know, sir,' was my reply

'Don't know!' Warhurst switched off the light in the outer room, and came in to me 'Where are they?' he inquired, looking at the dish of hypo

Then I told him 'They weren't anywhere I had omitted to load the camera

Warhurst's whoop of joy, when I had first told him of my luck, was nothing to the whoop he let out when I now told him what had happened He flung open the door and passed into the outer room, and again broke into that awful Indian dance, prancing about the place, foaming with fury at the sell

The whole staff joined in the dance, for the news leaked out quickly, and I received as much sympathy as the racing motorist would get who forgot to fill his tank with petrol

As for me, I was beaten, finished, done The enormity of the thing overpowered me, and forgetting my manhood, I absolutely wept with chagrin and shame

Warhurst was far too big hearted to stand for that 'Cheer up, boy,' he said 'You'll live again after this Life is too short to cry over spilt milk It's cost me pounds—but it's dashed funny, and will do you no end of good'

So he forgave me and forgot all about it. But apparently he was the only one who ever did. I certainly haven't, and hope I never shall. Nor have plenty of other people.

For even to-day, whenever I go on a big job, one or other of my confrères is sure to ask, 'Jim, are you loaded?' So that, on the whole, my considered advice to young aspirants to press photography in Fleet Street is, 'Before you shoot, look to your gun.'

light in the place went out. Instead of going down to the cellar, I ran to the door of the White Lion in the High Street, and watched the searchlights scouring the sky for the enemy craft.

Two beams caught it—it looked like a huge aluminium cigar—and held it, as though hypnotizing it by the glare. At the same minute the anti-aircraft guns began to boom, and our planes went up in pursuit.

The searchlights held the Zepp in a mesh of light and all my professional instincts shouted 'What a picture!'

My wife had my camera stored away upstairs. We fetched it down and examined it. It was loaded with three old plates, two of which I spoiled by experimenting to see whether they were still good.

With only one plate left and that an uncertain quantity, I dashed back to the door again and watched. Suddenly the Zepp burst into flame, for one of our planes had got above it and had dropped an incendiary bomb on to it. It hung suspended in the air for quite a little time, while the fire spread. Then it blazed up and began to fall slowly, with a trail of fire behind it, like a comet's tail, whirling over and over in its fall.

I placed the camera against the side of the house, so as to steady it, and took the cap off to give a long exposure.

Down came the Zepp, down, down, in a cage of

CHAPTER II

HITTING THE BULL'S EYE

I did not always fail. Sometimes I succeeded. Sometimes the camera was loaded to such good purpose that I achieved a scoop. This is a sensation comparable to that of *sinking a long putt on the last green* to win a championship, or spotting the Derby winner in a rank outsider, or hitting the bull's eye. It's a compound of smugness and wild exhilaration.

In a word, when one does pull off a scoop, life is very well worth living.

I still, for instance, remember with intense satisfaction the night in 1917 when I had just come home on ten days' leave from France. I was at this time Company Sergeant Major of the 1st Army Corps School for Physical Training and Bayonet Fighting. The school was held in a brewery at Bethune. I reached Epping, that small town in Essex on the edge of the Forest, about ten o'clock, looking forward to a quiet time.

I was, however, hardly inside the house when there was a peremptory knock at the door. It was the policeman giving warning of the approach of a *Zeppelin*. Then the maroons sounded, and every

light in the place went out. Instead of going down to the cellar, I ran to the door of the White Lion in the High Street, and watched the searchlights scouring the sky for the enemy craft.

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flame, which lit up the whole sky, long after the machine had disappeared from our sight, crashing, as we heard afterwards, at Potter's Bar

We sat up talking half the night, and then, after this quiet first evening's leave, I went to bed with the intention of having my sleep out. But I was up early next morning wakened by an idea that I might possibly have something good in that photo of the falling Zepp. There was no dark room available where I was, so immediately after breakfast I went up to the office of the *Daily Sketch*, in uniform and with my camera in my hand.

The boys chaffed me, wanting to know what on earth I was doing with a camera. But when I told them that I had taken a shot last night, they laughed another and very different kind of laugh. Without losing a moment, they hustled me in top gear into the dark room. Remembering the Zena Dare fiasco, I took the precaution of protesting loudly that the plate I had used was old, so that there were a hundred chances to one that the whole thing would be a wash-out.

But it wasn't, and I was lucky. For when I developed the plate, I found that I had one of the most successful shots I had ever taken, showing the burning Zepp struggling in the network of searchlights.

By some queer freak, there appeared among the flames a distinct picture of the Kaiser's face. Turned upside down, there was an equally telling

portrait of little Willie. I always thought it was a great pity they weren't really there. .

They splashed my picture, which was a real scoop, on the front page of the *Daily Sketch*, and the firm gave me a special prize of £5 for it.

Luck certainly played a very important part when I was sent to Rome on the occasion of the coronation of the Pope, Pius XI; luck, and that indefinable something which men have to have if they mean to succeed.

As a rule, when I am sent off on a mission of this kind, I really do begin to feel alive. I like going abroad, and it thrills me to exercise all my wits so as to get something good and unusual. But this time I knew that the going would be particularly hard, because of the rigid rules against any photographs being taken in the precincts of the Vatican. I was told that even to carry a camera would lay me open to the possibility of arrest by the famous Swiss Guard. That, of course, would entail a period of cooling my heels in prison, with never a sight of St. Peter's nor of the Pope. It really was a problem.

When I reached Rome a few days before the ceremony, I moved heaven and earth to try to get a ticket for the coronation in St. Peter's. It was no use! I was told on all hands that the thing was absolutely impossible, on a par with trying to gate-crash into the Royal enclosure at Ascot in hiking-kit.

But there is something missing in my composition I altogether lack the faculty of knowing when I'm beaten I cannot bring myself to acknowledge defeat But I was very nearly driven to desperation point on the day before the coronation So as a last resource I tried the most obvious and yet, in one way, least likely of all sources I went to the office of the ubiquitous Mr Thomas Cook, and told a sympathetic young man of my journey, my desire and my plight

The next move was up to him, but he shook his head

'Can't you possibly get me a ticket for love or money?' I persisted

'For neither,' he answered me 'If St Peter's had been twice as large as it is, it would not have held half the people who want to get in'

It seemed hopeless, and I was just turning away when some one touched me on the shoulder Wheeling round, I found myself facing an Italian, dark, slim, and with breeding stamped in every line of his face and figure He was, to use an over-worked word, a gentleman

'Pardon me,' he said in a low voice, 'but did I hear you say you wished a ticket for the Vatican?'

'I certainly did say so, sir,' I agreed, 'but'

He led the way to a quiet bench, invited me to sit, and sat himself

'I have one I can give you' He dropped his voice so that no one but myself could hear what

he was saying. 'Alas! I cannot be present. I am called away to England on business, which will not be denied. I am desolate, but quite powerless.'

I could hardly believe my ears, hardly credit my own good luck. 'Do you really mean that, sir?' I stammered. 'It is most awfully kind of you,

He brushed my thanks aside and presented me with a card bearing a very well-known name. He also gave me instructions that I was to wear a dress-suit, which at that minute I did not happen to possess. That, however, was nothing. A little thing like that did not worry me now. Repeating again my most grateful thanks, I took my leave of my benefactor and started on a wild chase round Rome to try to hire a dress-suit.

I did not anticipate any difficulty about this, but it proved not to be an easy task by any manner of means. For in addition to the fact that many other people wanted to do the same thing, I am considerably larger than most Italians, so that the few suits I did run to earth did not fit me.

But since I had to have something, in the end I prevailed upon a little tailor to alter a suit for me, to make the necessary adjustments for my breadth and Carnera-like neck; and to lengthen the sleeves and the legs of the trousers. I might add that when everything was finished, I looked the prime sketch of all ages, a living warning against reach-me-downs. But even here my difficulties about the suit did not end.

For the ceremony was due to take place at three in the afternoon. My train was scheduled to leave the station soon after four. This meant running things very fine, for the crowds were certain to be colossal. It was obviously impossible for me to return to the shop, so I made arrangements with the little tailor to be on the station, ten minutes before the train was due to leave, with a suit case containing my own day suit. I told him I would change there and return the dress suit to him. So far so good!

With all that fixed I went off to St Peter's. It was a most impressive sight. The Piazza in front of the cathedral was already packed with about 80,000 people. One could have walked on their heads. The cathedral has a seating capacity of 30,000 and was full to suffocation when we arrived. For every one who had a seat had strict injunctions to be in his place the evening before, otherwise there would not be a hope of getting in.

In the throng, in the Piazza, by a one in a millionth chance, I ran into a brother camera man, Tim Console, now on the *Paris Daily Mail*. I had known him in the old days on the *World's Graphic Press*, so we went in together. I had my camera in my overcoat pocket, Consolé carried his in an attache-case. But when challenged by one of the Swiss Guard, as we immediately were, Consolé, who is a good linguist, replied that we were the disinfectant men. Thus we were allowed to pass, and

having found our seats, only fifteen yards from the throne, we prepared for a fifteen hours' wait.

It was one of the strangest nights I ever remember passing. During the whole of that time, the incense laden atmosphere was tense with expectation. Every man wore evening dress. Every woman's head was covered with a black mantilla. We, too, were a bit worked up, for if our cameras had been discovered we should have been given very short shift. I was therefore more than glad of the lace mantillas worn by the women in front of me. These would act as an effective screen for my movement when I did produce my camera.

The hours ticked over slowly, but I did not sleep. The seat was hard. I was parched with thirst. The atmosphere was insufferably hot. Now it was midnight, now dawn, now noon, now two, a quarter past, half-past, a quarter to three, and at three o'clock His Holiness was due to arrive. By this time the air was electric with emotion. One could feel that the strain was almost intolerable. Suddenly we heard the blare of trumpets, as in the opening of *Tannhäuser*, followed by a great shout like thunder in the distance from the multitude. '*Viva il Papa!*' The wave of sound rolled nearer, swelling in volume as it came. Then the cortège arrived. It was a magnificent sight, for the Church of Rome believes in teaching by the eye as well as the ear. His Holiness was seated on a chair on a high dais which was carried on the shoulders of the Papal Guard.

Behind followed officials of the Roman Church in all their gorgeous panoply and splendour. The purple robed College of Cardinals, the scarlet skull-caps of the bishops, the white ermine cappas of the monseigneurs and the medieval uniform of the Swiss Guard, all combined to make an unforgettable pageant of colour.

'*Viva il Papa!*' shouted the entire throng, stretching out their arms like drowning men. The Pope was carried to his throne. A triple golden crown, about two feet in height and studded with gems, was placed upon his head.

Then the newly-crowned Pope rose in all his majesty, and raising his hand to bless the multitude, stood for perhaps half a minute, exactly as though posing for a photograph.

During the benediction, the whole mighty congregation knelt in ecstatic, fervent prayer, with heads bowed. One lightning glance round showed that the Guard were also praying. In fact every one was, except two photographers, who leaned their cameras against a column, and shot, coughing as they did so to cover the sound of the click.

Then we slipped them back like lightning into our pockets, and at the earliest possible moment took our departure. In spite of the crush, this was possible because a way had to be kept open for fainting people, of whom there were a great number.

I had not a minute to spare if I was going to catch my train.

I reached the station in the nick of time. The little tailor, true to his promise, was there standing by the engine, and glancing anxiously up at the clock. I dare not stay to change, so I jumped into a railway carriage, and, divesting myself of coat, boiled shirt and waistcoat, threw them out. As the train was moving, to the consternation of my fellow-passengers, I stripped off the trousers and flung them out too. The tailor caught them, but unfortunately the braces were attached to them, and, try as he would, the little man could not undo the buttons in time to return my braces. For the train gathered speed, and we were off. The last I saw of him, he was cantering along in a losing race, still doing his valiant best to return me my property.

Since he failed, I had to make the journey home with a piece of string tied round my waist, and a Jack Tar hitch.

The photographs turned out to be excellent and appeared on the front page of the *Daily Sketch*.

It was an undoubted scoop for the paper and for me, but not a cheap one, considering the cost of my journey to Rome and my three weeks' stay there.

Yet some of my best shots have been the cheapest.

I remember one summer's morning about half-past ten, Calvert of the *Daily Graphic* sent me out to Hyde Park to see what I could find. That was, and still is, a very usual order when there is nothing doing. For there is always a story and a shot to be

had in the Park if a man keeps his eyes open. It may be only a pretty child, a difference of opinion round the politicians' stands or a Personage taking the air. Anything and everything may be grist to the mill.

In the days of which I am now writing, George Lansbury had not yet earned the right to be canonized, and there was no Lido.

People had to bathe and be done with it before most of the world was about or stirring. There were even regulations as to when and how children might bathe.

Thinking that a bathing-picture would be seasonable since it was very hot, I lounged up to a police-constable who looked as though he could do with a dip himself.

'When are the kids going to bathe?' I inquired.

'They're not going to,' was the grim reply. 'And if I catch them——' he broke off. 'Look!' and following his finger, I saw a group of little boys, naked as God made them, peeping from behind a tree, and every now and again one of them would dart into the water, then scurry back to cover.

'If they get drowned,' he grumbled, 'I get the blame.'

I strolled up to the tree, but they took no notice of me. With bright, sharp eyes they were watching the police officer who was following me, trying to look unselfconscious, as he strode slowly forward with majestic dignity. When he got within about

ten yards of them, he made the strategical mistake of breaking into a run. At that the youngsters broke cover and ran for it, their little bare backs and legs gleaming in the sunlight. Behind them, at full bore but portly, panted the arm of the Law.

I would not have missed that scene for anything, so I shot and obtained a picture, which Mr. Hannen Swaffer, who was then on the *Daily Graphic*, published over the heading 'Limbs and the Law'. That photograph only cost a fourpenny bus fare up to Hyde Park and back, but the paper had orders for reproduction from all parts of Europe to the tune of £300, and it is still being printed. Moreover, the *Sheffield Weekly Telegraph* bought it as their exclusive property for railway advertisements. It was reproduced on tin, with an old man reading the *Weekly Telegraph* and looking at that picture.

A scoop of mine which made a very beautiful picture was when I shot Lady Diana Manners on the day of her marriage to Mr. Duff Cooper.

All society brides have a certain news value, but with her reputation for originality, wit and beauty, Lady Diana was booked for the front page.

If we could get her! If? For brides are superstitious of being photographed before the ceremony.

A whole bunch of photographers were outside the Duke of Rutland's house, but her car drew up, a footman pulled all the curtains, screening the windows on the ground floor.

A minute later, however, the bride herself drew a

curtain back, and stood for a second in a perfect pose, looking into the street

Then she saw me and dodged back, just too late, for I had already shot

It was a good thing for me I had done so, for when she came out with her father to her car, her face was screened by a large umbrella

But in spite of this clever ruse to defeat the camera men, my picture of her was on the front page of the *Daily Sketch*

A scoop, which took me a very long time to achieve, was that of the Slingsby baby

Slingsby, a Naval officer, brought an action under the Legitimacy Declaration Act to prove that a certain child was the lawful son of himself and his wife. The case was finally taken to the House of Lords

Of course it attracted a great deal of attention, and naturally all the Press tried for a photograph of the Slingsby baby

But we all failed to get one because the child always arrived at the Courts swathed to the eyes in wraps, and closely guarded by a nurse and attendants

Then the court adjourned for some time, so I followed Mrs Slingsby home in a taxi and saw that she went into a house in Clarges Street, a turning off Piccadilly near Green Park.

I reported this to the Art Editor, who said, 'Now go off to the Green Park, and watch. They must take the kid out for an airing sometimes'



With a wave of the hand she interrupted me 'I think you must be a very foolish person not to have knocked at the door before,' she answered with a smile 'The baby has had a cold, so he hasn't been out. Come into the nursery You'll see him there'

Cheshire and I followed her upstairs to a room where the child was sitting on the floor, playing with bricks We shot there and then with Cheshire's camera, and in addition to securing an excellent picture, I learned the very valuable lesson that one can often get what one wants by the simple method of asking for it.

But not always! Sometimes man proposes, but the Illustrations Editor disposes Tom Noble occupied that position on the *Daily Sketch* in my day, and still does so

For some reason I was at one time unpopular at the office In fact I was being what we called 'caned', which means that all the stupid, unimportant and dull jobs were falling to my lot. We all used to go through it, and when we emerged safely again into editorial favour, as we invariably did, there was never any rancour on either side

On this occasion the King and Queen were coming back to London from Windsor after the King's serious illness The official arrangements were that Their Majesties should leave Windsor in a closed car in which they were to be driven to the Albert Hall Here they were to change into an open brougham, and drive to Buckingham Palace so that the people

could see their King. Of course the big picture was for the change over at the Albert Hall, but that was given to some one else. 'I was sent off to Windsor, a piffling job which any one could have done with their eyes shut and a five-shilling camera.

'Oh, but,' I began to object. 'Can't I . . .'

'You've had your orders,' retorted Noble sharply. 'Get on with them.'

There was no possible interest attached to my picture, for I only got what I knew I should get, a picture of a closed car coming down the slope from the Castle with a guardsman at salute as it passed. Both the King and Queen were sitting well back, so that neither of them could be seen.

But when the Royal car had passed, it suddenly occurred to me that the King was not likely to travel fast. If I hurried, I could be in town in time to see him arrive. So I raced back to London, and arriving there before His Majesty, I took up my position in front of a big house in Piccadilly. The actual number was 145, but I did not notice that.

As I waited among the crowd a friendly police officer who saw my camera, whispered to me: 'Look who's on the balcony.'

I whipped round, and there above me stood the Duke and Duchess of York, the Princess Elizabeth, and Princess Mary with her husband and two sons.

When the Royal carriage came into sight, I faced the balcony, and was in time to shoot the group there and get a family party waving not only to their

King, but to their father and grandfather. When wheeling round again, I was lucky enough also to catch the King with a very 'human' expression on his face, waving his own personal greeting to his family.

I went to the office distinctly cock a hoop, for this was luck. I developed my plates and took the prints into Noble. He didn't much want to see them. To tell the truth, he had no interest in me nor my work for the time being.

I put the Windsor one on top, but he brushed it aside. Obviously it was of no interest.

'Oh, I got these too,' said I, in a tired way, pushing the others forward.

He looked at these carefully. My work or not, they were good. 'But I thought you were sent to Windsor,' he mused.

'So I was!' At this point I was enjoying myself immensely. 'But when I had finished there I came back to town to see what I could get.'

He told me to take them in to the Art Editor, who greeted me with the words, 'By Jove! I hope you've got something, Jimmy. All the rest's a wash-out.'

'I was sent to Windsor,' I said meekly. 'But I've just got these too.'

'Holy snakes!' he shouted, when he saw my prints. 'They're the saving of the situation.'

So again I got the front page, and the little dust up between myself and Noble, who was really a sportsman, died a natural death for the time being. He always maintains that he has been responsible for



many of my best shots. At any rate, on another occasion when I was again out of favour with him, I was lucky in scoring a win.

This was at the final Cup Match when Tottenham 'Spurs' met the Wolverhampton Wanderers at Stamford Bridge.

Other men had all the good places, especially the plum, the place by the goal-keeper. I was given the thankless and not-too-interesting job of mingling with the crowd, in order to get effects.

Cursing roundly in my soul, I departed for Stamford Bridge with about seventy thousand other enthusiasts, all intent on seeing the game.

I took up a precarious position on the top of a Lipton's tea advertisement, and very uncomfortable I was, whether I rode it like a hobby-horse, or used it as a seat. But at any rate I could see, so I decided to do a panoramic join-up in three parts, which would give a view of the whole field.

At this time I was not bothering at all about the game, only thinking of my picture, so I turned left and shot, then right, and shot again. After that I focussed on the centre, or the main part of the picture. But as I did so, I saw that Dimmock, the Spurs' outside left, was running like blazes towards the Wolves' goal, with the pack behind him in full cry. I followed him with my camera. He kicked. I clicked. In this way I shot the only goal of the match, and was able to include in my photograph the Wolves' goal-keeper lying on the ground.

When I gave my prints to Noble I pretended to yawn, though really I was bursting with pride. 'I'm afraid this is all I could get,' I told him.

Sutcliffe snaffled it for the *Sunday Graphic*, and it was the only paper which had the photograph of the goal. There were orders to the tune of over £100 from the Spurs' supporters, and the Club itself, as head of the League, ordered a six-foot enlargement for their pavilion.

I should be the last to deny the existence of luck, for I reckon that I have had my just share of it. Luck, just sheer, undiluted, inexplicable good luck will get a man the photograph he wants, and the same sheer, undiluted, inexplicable bad luck hinder other people from getting it. I remember an amusing instance of this.

Mr. Warhurst applied for permission for me to go on board H M.S. *Shannon*, to watch the King reviewing the fleet at Spithead. A number of other cameramen and journalists were also going, and we travelled down to Southampton together.

We were met by a tug and taken out to the ship.

Lunch was served in the ward room, and at the end of the meal the ship's surgeon, who had us in tow, said to us, 'Gentlemen, would you care to look over the ship?'

Of course we said 'Yes', but being one of those who never believes in working more than necessary, I took off my camera and placed it carefully out of the way under one of the guns on deck. Then I

followed the others, all taking care of their cameras, in the wake of the surgeon.

He showed us everything: the engine-room, the guns, and the hospital, including the new X-ray installation, of which he was very proud. By means of this we saw the bones in one fellow's hand. We looked right through another fellow's body to his spine, and we counted the nails on the boots of a third. We all agreed enthusiastically with the surgeon as to the marvels of science and the consequent help it must be to surgery.

Then we went on deck to watch the arrival of the King's yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*. As she came past, the guns fired rounds of salute, and from the top turret I shot, and got what I hoped were good pictures. Then I shot the men on the deck below, and afterwards we were escorted back to the station and took train to London.

I developed my prints, and gave them to the boy to take round to the various offices. In a short time he came back for more. Even the papers which had sent photographers wanted my prints.

'What's happened?' Warhurst asked. 'Were all the staff-men one over the eight to-day, Jimmy?'

I couldn't tell him, because I did not understand, until a man on another agency rang me up. 'Say?' he inquired. 'Were your plates all right?' Then it came out that the powerful X-rays in the hospital of the ship had fogged the plates in the cameras of all the others, and mine, even mine alone, were safe.

Which only shows! Warhurst said nice things about me. The other camera men did not.

I had another piece of luck, good or bad, according to opinion. Anyhow, it did not happen to any other camera man. It could not have done so.

I was at Cardiff, to shoot Billy Beynon, the bantam weight boxer, meeting Ledoux, the French man.

Twelve thousand other people were there, including Carpentier, who had just beaten Wells, but there was not much fun because Beynon had to retire at the end of the seventh round, in what should have been a twenty round fight.

When I left the American ring with my picture, and was walking back to the station, a voice at my elbow said 'Please, Mr Carpentier, will you be so kind as to give me your autograph?'

I looked round for Carpentier, and felt for my camera. He wasn't there! Then in a flash I realized that I had been mistaken for him.

'Sorry!' I said. 'I'm not Carpentier. Wish I were.'

By this time, in the wonderful way that a crowd springs up from nowhere in no time, I was the centre of a big, excited throng far from convinced that I was telling the truth. To make matters worse a Frenchman cried, '*Mais oui! C'est vrai! C'est, M Carpentier,*' and to my dismay tried to kiss me.

In spite of my coy denials, the crowd grew and grew, so that I reached the station at last, walking

at the head of a triumphal procession, but minus a button which some ardent souvenir-hunter had cut from my coat. I hope it has brought him luck.

Another time a lady on the bus pressed me for my autograph;

I had been doing pretty well, but I was embarrassed at such evidence of fame. When I did at last sign her book, it turned out that she thought I was Caruso, and was furious with me for having spoiled the page, where a number of notabilities had already signed. She did not know whether to cut my name out or to leave it. I left her in tears of anger.

In my time, I too have made mistakes as to identity. I was sent down to Epsom one Derby Day, not for the race but to cover personalities.

I saw a man entering the paddock who I thought was J. B. Joel, so I shot. I did try to verify who he was, but I failed, so when I sent the plates back to the office by messenger, I put a query on my caption.

The picture was used next day on the back page of the *Daily Sketch*, over the heading, 'J. B. Joel'.

But it was not Joel. It was Bob Sievier, and whereas the former was a close friend of Sir Edward Hulton, our proprietor, Sievier was not.

When Sir Edward heard of the mistake, there was thunder in the office.

The Editor, the Art Editor and the caption-writer were all fired. For some reason I was not. But since I could feel it in the air that my notice was

coming, I went over to Mr. Calvert of the *Daily Graphic* and asked him for a job.

He took me on, and I went back to the office and sent in my notice. But only just in time. For my letter of resignation crossed theirs to me of dismissal.

I was not long away from the *Daily Sketch*. For the *Graphic* bought up the *Sketch*, and in a short time I found myself again on my old staff

CHAPTER III

THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW,

THERE is nothing which the decent, law-abiding public enjoys better than a good juicy murder trial. Perhaps that is because the veneer of civilization is very thin over the savage in us all, or perhaps most people's lives are so dull that they have to get their excitement from the deeds or misdeeds of others.

So, since the Press must give the public what it wants, it will go to any lengths to obtain full information and photographs of any outstanding crime.

In this way, I have been in on many of the big cases during the last twenty years.

I was, for instance, sent down by the *Daily Sketch* to Carmarthen in South Wales to cover the Kidwelly poisoning case. Harold Greenwood, a solicitor, was accused of having murdered his wife by giving her arsenic in food and wine.

The case naturally excited enormous interest through the district. It was said that Carmarthen had not been so thrilled by anything since the last public hanging on the hill outside the jail, when the rope broke, and the condemned man shouted,

'I'm free. I'm free.' But he wasn't. For they tried again, and with more success the second time.

A number of us, reporters and camera-men, put up at the Boar's Head Hotel in Lammas St. When the Press forgathers on a job, its members are inclined to enjoy themselves, and there have been occasions when hotels have been gladder to see them go than come. But at the Boar's Head we kept our fooling within reasonable limits, and Marshall Hall, who was counsel for the defence, used to unbend at the end of the day, and condescend to join us.

One evening, I did a number of card tricks, and other bits of sleight of hand, for if I had not been a Press photographer I could have been a conjurer. The tricks went down so well with the boys, that I showed them a new trick with matches, which I had just learned.

I broke a match into three pieces, and laid them on the table for every one to see. Then I picked up the pieces, counting as I did so, one, two, three, and I threw the third piece on to the floor where every one could see it.

Then opening my hand, I let three pieces of match drop on to the table.

The trick was really simple, but if one were quick, it was very effective.

Marshall Hall at any rate was very much impressed.

'By Jove! That's clever,' he said. 'Now do it again.'

I obliged, working very smartly this time, for even an amateur conjurer is not willing for his audience to see how he works.

Marshall Hall could not follow me at all.

'This is positively uncanny,' he declared. 'There's something hypnotic about this, or is it that I can't see straight? Now do it slowly.'

So I did it slowly, distinctly flattered to be bluffing one of the smartest brains at the Bar, as well as my brother pressmen.

But the big man took the matter seriously. He was quite put out about his failure to find how I did my trick. I think his pride must have been piqued.

'I cannot see it,' he repeated again and again. 'Do it once more.'

I did the trick over and over, quickly, and at last so slowly that I should have thought a blind man could have spotted my method, but to the end he was as much in the dark as he had been at the beginning.

Finally, he lost his temper, and became churlish, or perhaps he was sleepy.

'You're a damned faker,' he growled as he went out of the room. 'That's what you are! I shan't sleep a wink after this.'

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, I would certainly have explained what was really a very simple trick. On this the hundredth, I did not do so.

Next day in court, when I heard him bullying the

Welsh witnesses who found the English language difficult to understand, I was rather pleased that I hadn't.

Local feeling about Greenwood was running very high. He was certainly not popular, but on all hands there was a general impression that a Welsh jury would not convict.

Relying on this, I laid my plans with great care and deliberation for a scoop, remembering that luck is more generous to those who help themselves than to those who want everything done for them. A few well planted questions in the right quarters had discovered for me the fact that Greenwood thoroughly enjoyed a drink and a smoke. So on the day that the verdict was expected, I armed myself with a bottle of Johnnie Walker and put half a dozen Corona Coronas in my pocket.

When the verdict was given, 'Not Guilty', Greenwood was of course a free man. But the last thing in all the world he wanted was to face the crowd, plenty of whom were not well-disposed towards him in spite of his acquittal.

So instead of walking out, he chose to go below again with the warder, as I had guessed he would, to wait quietly in a cell until the crowd in the Square outside had dispersed.

A second bottle of whisky, judiciously placed the day before, opened the door to me too, and I followed Greenwood down to where he stood talking to his brother. By this time he was a nervous wreck, for

the relief of his acquittal had overwhelmed him. This was another fact on which I had counted.

'Will you have a drink, sir?' I suggested, offering him a generous half-glass of neat whisky.

His only answer was to stretch out his hand, to take the glass from me, and to gulp down its contents without taps.

'Cigar?' I held the open case out to him.

'You seem to know my tastes remarkably well,' was his only comment as he lighted up.

Then seizing the opportune moment when spirit and nicotine were doing their good work, I put forward my request, and broke the news to him.

'I'm a press photographer,' I said, 'and I want to be the first to photograph you after your terrible ordeal.'

He would have granted anybody anything at that moment.

'Shoot away!' He made an effort to be witty. 'It might so easily have been worse.'

So I shot then and there, and again, to make sure of a good result. But even when I had managed to get my prize, I wanted to make certain that nobody else got it too. That would have queered my scoop, and that could not possibly be allowed.

'There's an enormous crowd in the Square,' I told him truthfully enough, but not altogether sympathetically. He wilted at the idea of facing those hostile, curious eyes, and I offered him another drink.

'If you like,' I suggested, 'I can help you to get away unnoticed'

'Please do' He fumbled nervously with his lips

My plan this time was not original, but it is one which never fails The police themselves often use it

I took Greenwood's coat and hat, both of which were by this time well known to the public, and put them on to the *Daily Sketch* reporter who was working with me

Then we led this man to the door, with the hat pulled low over his face, and the collar of his coat turned up to his ears As soon as he appeared, every camera clicked, including that of the second *Daily Sketch* photographer, for I hadn't had time to let him into the secret

I kept well in the background, for the suspicions of press photographers are easily aroused, and the sight of one of us with 'Greenwood' might have set them thinking

Then 'Greenwood' was bundled into a car, which drove off smartly through the town, down the hill to Johnstown and out along the St Clears Road towards Pendine

After him, like hounds when a fox breaks cover, went a pack of other cars At the village of Sarnau a few miles out, the first car came to a halt and 'Greenwood', divesting himself of hat and coat, stepped out and lit a cigarette

A few cars overlooked him, and scoured the

countryside for him without avail. But most of them recognized the car, recognized too, that they had been hoaxed.

Their language to him was blistering, nor were their references to me really kindly.

But that wasn't my funeral.

I was very busily engaged otherwise, for once the coast was clear, I helped the real Greenwood, dressed in the reporter's clothes, to hire another car to drive him to his home in Kidwelly. I owed him that much help. I also put my pictures on the train and telegraphed to the office that they were coming.

On my way back to the Boar's Head, conscious of a scoop well scooped, I met a girl whom I thought I recognized. Then I knew I did. She was Irene Greenwood. Her evidence had probably been the deciding factor in securing her father's acquittal.

From one point of view, Black, the St. Austell murderer, afforded me the biggest scoop I ever had.

Black was a Cornish man, who had married a middle-aged widow with a very pretty daughter, to whom he quickly transferred his affections. The mother died shortly afterwards, with suspicious symptoms, and foul play was suspected. When the body was exhumed, it was found to contain arsenic. By this time Black had disappeared, but he was finally run to earth in Liverpool, and the police broke into the room when he was in the very act of cutting his own throat.

When he was arrested and taken back to St Austell to stand his trial, I went down with Rycraft of the *Mirror* to cover the case. At this time, photography was forbidden in all courts, strictly in the big places. In the smaller ones rules were not such a serious matter and the authorities less vigilant. In those days if a photographer did manage to get away with a shot, which appeared in the press, nothing was said, whereas if a court photograph appeared to-day, there would be trouble and to spare for any paper which dared to publish it.

In the old days we photographers always used to take with us to court block note cameras. They were small enough to be put under a bowler hat, which we rested on the ledge on the back of the chairs in front of us. Those of us in the know used to watch the hats rise slightly when anything happened. At the same minute, there was certain to be a cough. Then we knew that some one had shot. /

The restlessness and coughing of the press photographer was such a well known symptom that a magistrate once commented upon it.

The night before the proceedings opened in the magistrate's court, Rycraft and I were passing the time in the bar of our hotel. We were alone until the door opened, and in came a small and very well spoken man. He glanced at us once or twice as though to take our measures, and then joined us in a drink.

When he learned that we were pressmen, for we did not, and never do, advertise the camera part of

our job, he became most cordial and interested. He displayed so much intelligence about the press, and asked so many questions in one way and another, that the truth came out. We could not keep it in. We were photographers.

That was even more interesting.

'You've come down for the Black case, I suppose?' queried the affable stranger. When we admitted that, he threw his bombshell. He was the presiding magistrate.

That was a bit of sheer bad luck for us, it seemed, for of course we thought it meant we might as well pack up our traps and go home. He'd have us watched. But not a bit of it. The day of miracles was not yet over.

'You'll be in court in the morning?' went on this most astounding person. 'Where would you like to sit?'

Half-suspecting an elaborate leg-pull I kept silent, and Rycraft hummed and hawed.

'If you would care to take your photographs in court, meet me there at nine, so that we can decide everything beforehand,' said this really unique magistrate. 'Proceedings start at ten. Good night, gentlemen. Good night.'

We bade him an effusive good night, but when the door closed behind him, Rycraft and I looked at one another without speaking. We did not understand treatment of this sort, and were uncertain whether to take him seriously or not.

'There's a catch somewhere,' was Rycraft's opinion.

'It's too good to be true,' I protested.

But on the very slim chance that St. Austell had not yet heard of the restrictions on Press photography in court, we turned up next morning on the stroke of nine at the schoolroom which had been pressed into temporary service as a court.

A few minutes later the magistrate arrived with a police-constable in attendance.

'Well, gentlemen,' he greeted us, beaming from ear to ear. 'Now where would the light be best for you?'

I studied the windows and lighting and then indicated the exact spot where I would like to sit. Rycraft also chose his position, and seats were arranged for us accordingly. Some one, I can't remember whether it was the magistrate himself, suggested that it would be easier for us if the prisoner sat on a form between two constables, instead of in the dock. So that was arranged. After that, the witness-box was shifted from one side of the court to the other. This was done because I said that it would be possible for me to photograph the prisoner with all the crowd behind him.

I felt more like a stage-manager, directing the position of props, than a humble photographer.

At the beginning of the proceedings I used the little block-note camera as unobtrusively as I usually had to do. When I had plenty of these shots, I

brought out my big camera, and worked openly. In order to get an action picture, I even ventured to suggest to the magistrate that the accused man, sitting in a dejected heap, with his poor bandaged throat, needed a drink of water. When he was asked if he wanted one, he said, 'Yes.' So I shot him with the policeman holding the glass to his lips.

We had a riotous time, shooting and shooting until we were tired of it. Our court photographs for this occasion had never been equalled, but then neither have our facilities.

In fact I was presented with a cheque for £2 2s. as a special prize by my paper, and I think Rycraft got the same amount from the *Mirror*.

The 'Brides in the Bath' case afforded me with more than one scoop, and many thrills. Tubby Underwood, a reporter, and I were sent down to Bow Street to cover this case, he to write, I to shoot. Owing to its horror and the Bluebeard quality of the crime, the case attracted a great deal of attention. The crowd was large, and, as the papers always say, mostly composed of women.

In the queue awaiting admittance to the court was a coloured lady of large dimensions, hailing from the Fiji Islands, I gathered from her black fuzzy hair. She certainly added colour to the scene, but as I prepared to shoot the section of the crowd where she was, she advanced upon me with a raised umbrella, patterned like Joseph's coat, demurring from being photographed at all. The crowd roared with

laughter, rocking with mirth when I fled, with the lady in hot pursuit. I slipped down by the Lyceum, dodged between flower stalls and cut back again. Later I had the satisfaction of seeing that she lost her place in the queue and could not get into court.

Then I laughed.

As I waited about outside the court, a police officer came up to me and said that a few men were needed as volunteers to be put up at an identification parade with Smith, the accused man.

I offered myself at once, and was taken into a room where a number of men were standing in an 'L' shaped queue.

A number of police officers and detectives were also there.

Presently the door opened and two more detectives ushered in Smith, a tall, nondescript-looking man with nothing distinctive about him except his penetrating, almost hypnotic eyes.

He was put to stand next to me. He turned to look at me. I have never detested any man at sight so much as I did him.

The first person who was brought in, a woman, made my blood run cold by identifying me as the man who had proposed marriage to her. As a respectable married man that gave me food for thought.

Then another woman came in. Though none of us knew it at the time, she was one of the brides whom Smith had failed to put out of the way,

probably because she left him too soon. She started at the end of the line and, walking slowly along, submitted each man to a long and careful scrutiny.

When she came to Smith she stopped, and any one watching her could see recognition spring to her eyes.

'I don't need to go any farther,' she said with conviction, touching him lightly on the arm. 'This is the man.'

'That is a lie!' Smith's denial was sharp, but it lacked the ring of truth. 'You don't know me. I never saw you in my life before!'

The police closed round him and hurried him away. As he went he cursed them with bitter fluency, reserving his choicest maledictions for Detective Inspector Neil, who was mainly responsible for the unravelling of the net of evidence.

The *Daily Sketch* kept me on the case. As the Crown needed a great deal of evidence to establish their case, Detective Inspector Neil ferreted out the fate of Smith's other wives. As he went to and fro, I followed in the hopes of shooting something interesting.

In this way I found myself in Blackpool one evening at the exhumation of the body of Alice Burnham, another of Smith's wives, who had died in her bath. I not only hid my camera, I also hid myself, watching from a distance in the falling dusk the grave-diggers at their work.

It was a windy night, and there came to me on

the breeze such an unpleasant odour that I thought regretfully of the Inspector's carbolic tablet of Rotherhithe days

It was a thoroughly eerie sight I was glad when at length the coffin was raised from the grave, placed on a bier and wheeled to a shed where Mr (afterwards Sir) Bernard Spilsbury was waiting I crept nearer so that I could see what was happening

Inside the shed there were bundles and bundles of towels everywhere The lid of the coffin was raised and a constable, with his sleeves rolled up, was trying to swab out the water with which it was filled

Then Mr Spilsbury got to work, and at that moment I was profoundly satisfied with my own job

Parts of the body were removed for examination the coffin sealed up again and taken back to the grave-side for reburial;

It disappeared from sight, and every detective present solemnly raised his hat

This struck me as very curious, considering that none of them had paid any attention when it was raised, nor stopped even an instant in their conversation

From my hiding place I risked a shot, although it was dark and I was some distance away

But thanks to a slow exposure I did get a very fair result

After that I followed Detective Inspector Neil around the various watering places in his search at

photographers' shops for snaps of Smith with his various brides.

I was not on the case at the Central Criminal Court, but after Smith had been found guilty and sentenced to death, I was sent down to Maidstone the night before the execution to shoot the crowd which was certain to assemble outside the prison. Occasionally a crowd is sympathetic with the murderer. This was not likely to be so in Smith's case.

In the amazing way that news leaks out, it was known the night before that the gallows had been built against the wall, a little distance from the main gate.

I arrived at this spot early next morning, and so did a large number of other people. I took my shot of the crowd which was restive and talkative enough until it drew near the hour. At two minutes to eight, when silence had fallen on the whole assembly, a black cat crept out from somewhere and, walking noiselessly along, close to the wall, stood for a minute at the exact spot where the gallows was on the other side, and rubbed its back against the stone. Then it curled itself up in a leisurely way, put down its head, and slept.

At the same instant we heard the drawing of the bolt, the creaking of the platform, and, as the clock struck the first stroke of eight, we knew that Smith had gone.

There was not a tear in any eye.

My next shots were in connexion with the

Starchfield case. Little Willie Starchfield had been found strangled, tied in a sack in a lavatory in Bishopsgate Street Station. While the case was being investigated, and before any arrest had been made, there was a great deal of theorizing as to how the body ever got there. Was the child taken there alive and murdered? Or on the other hand, if the boy had been killed elsewhere, how was it possible for a man to carry the body in a sack past the barrier at which the tickets were inspected, without attracting attention? Naturally a great deal depended on the answer to these questions.

Mr. Hannen Swaffer was Art Editor of the *Daily Sketch* at the time. He maintained that it was possible for the body to be taken into a station without arousing comment. But it was not enough for him to think. He wanted proof.

'Jimmy,' he said to me one evening in his slow, impressive way. 'Get a sack. Go and find a small boy. Put him into a sack. Go and buy a single ticket at Bishopsgate and see whether anyone discovers that there is a boy in the sack as you pass the barrier.'

To make the point clear, we took another photographer, Peat, along with us, so that if I were successful, he could shoot me with my burden.

Peat, by the way, once got the scoop of his life without knowing he had done so. It was at the Derby when we all took our shots and got away quickly, after the finish of the race.

On the way back to London we saw a placard, 'Suffragette killed at Epsom';

We stopped to buy a paper to see what had happened. None of us had seen the incident when a woman flung herself to death at Tattenham Corner in front of the King's horse.

But when Peat developed his plates, he found that he had shot at the psychological moment, just before the horses trampled her.

But to go back to Hannen Swaffer and his plan. Secrecy is a great thing on these occasions, so we started out, Peat, I and the smallest boy in the office, like conspirators. I took a sack with me, found a yard near the station and put the boy into the sack. He entered into the spirit of the thing and snuggled down.

'Bye-bye,' I said cheerfully; 'Prepare for the worst, young fellow my lad.'

Then, with Peat shooting me as I did so, I twisted the neck of the sack and hauled it up on to my back.

I went into the station, stood in a queue at the booking-office, and bought a single ticket to the next station. Peat, standing afar off, shot again, and not a soul turned to give a second look at the honest son of toil with a sack-load on his back.

Then I went to the barrier, where a collector stood.

'Righto, cockie!' he said, for he was evidently a nice fellow. 'I'll give you a lift.' Putting his hand under the sack, he helped me over the barrier with it.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw that Peat had

shot that too I went slowly down the steps while he hurried away, bought himself a ticket and joined me on the platform, which was crowded

I put the sack down on the ground near a seat and turned away to light a cigarette

Several people passed that sack, some brushed against it as they went by, but no one paid the least attention to it, nor to me When the train came in, I picked my burden up, stepped into a third-class carriage, and just as the train started, jumped out again Peat shot me getting in and out We had now got all the shots we wanted, so we took that sack into the waiting room, rescued the boy, and all three of us went up the stairs At the barrier, we gave up our tickets, and I explained to the collector why there wasn't one for the boy I reminded him how he had been good enough to help me lift the boy over the barrier

He scratched his head in a puzzled way, and said he didn't know what we were up to But he probably understood better next day if he saw the *Daily Sketch* with the photographs, showing exactly what had happened and how Swaffer had proved his theory to be true

No one was more pleased about the whole affair than the boy He got a rise on the strength of it

I came into the Starchfield case again After a great deal of investigation, the father of the dead boy was arrested for the murder, and sent for trial

He was found 'Not guilty', Mr Horatio Bottom

ley, then at the height of his power, financing his defence.

As soon as the verdict of acquittal was given, Bottomley took Starchfield in a taxi straight to the offices of *John Bull*, to get the man's story.

I followed close behind in another taxi.

At the office in Long Acre they got out. So did I. They went upstairs. I followed at their heels. They passed into Mr. Bottomley's private room. I slipped in too. At that Bottomley whipped round on me, scowling fiercely.

'Who the something or other are you?' he demanded, pointing a finger at me.

'Press photographer, sir.' I was brief and to the point. 'I wanted a shot of you with Mr. Starchfield.' This was an occasion for the truth, and I gave it to him. 'I want to get a scoop.'

'And by the great Mogul you shall have one, my lad,' he roared with a sudden change of front. 'Because you've got an outsize in cheek. Come along,' he called to Starchfield. He posed then and there with his arm round the shoulder of the other man.

I shot and went quickly, while the going was good.

Perhaps for sheer excitement, I never did anything equal to the Sydney Street siege.

I was sent to Sidney Street, a turning off Whitechapel, at eight o'clock one Monday morning. It was said that Peter the Painter, the man who had shot three policemen in a city warehouse, was hiding

lime anti-climax, a gun arrived from the Tower of London. Apparently some one in authority had had the brain-wave that it would be possible to shell the place!

As a relief to their feelings, the crowd roared with laughter.

When the fire had been put out, nothing was found among the ruins except a single bone. Some say it was the human remains of Peter the Painter. Others say that he escaped and that the solitary bone was a chicken bone.

Anyhow, all traces of Peter the Painter had vanished and he was never heard of again, though there were plenty of people who identified him later with Stinie Morrison, the Clapham Common murderer, whom I shot with a black-note camera which worked with a silent shutter, at Tower Bridge Police Court.

It may have been luck which got me into court. On the other hand, it may have been something to do with the fact that my father used to have a studio on the approach to the Bridge and one of the police might have remembered him. Whichever way it happened, it's always well to have a friend at court.

whole day, and the wildest rumours were rife among the crowd. The entire neighbourhood was riddled with police. Every room of the house next door to the besieged house in Sidney Street was full of them, to make sure that Peter the Painter could not escape through the wall. Police were posted on roofs. They were everywhere.

About five o'clock the suggestion was made and accepted by the authorities, to set fire to the house in order to compel the murderer to come out.

While the preparations for this were being made, the Fire Brigade was summoned to be ready to put out the conflagration as soon as the wanted man appeared, and to control the fire, and prevent it spreading. The crowd was wild with excitement. I lay down, my camera trained on the door of the house. As the flames gripped the framework, some genius suddenly shouted, 'Look out for bombs.' At that there was a general exodus of people, who had before been pushing to get nearer. The great tongues of fire leapt upwards with a roar. We all waited breathlessly, but no one came out. It was hateful to think of that man inside, preferring death by burning to surrender.

Suddenly, with a mighty crash, the roof and floors fell in, leaving nothing but a shell. It was obvious that no one could be alive in that inferno of flame. The firemen dashed forward with hoses to put out the fire. The camera-men crept as near as they dared for their shots, and at that minute, as a sub-

there in a house. When other police had gone to arrest him, they found the door of the house strongly barricaded. At the same time shots were fired from a top window. More police were rushed to the scene, but the aim from inside the house was deadly sure. When I arrived the place was in a state of siege.

I was standing in a gateway asking a police officer some questions, when suddenly blood spurted from the man's check. He had been hit by a bullet which had ricocheted off the wall.

We agreed that the neighbourhood was unhealthy, and retired with all speed. The street was cleared and we were all sent away, but in the surrounding streets there was assembled the most motley crowd that ever I saw, more reminiscent of a foreign opera than of a scene in the East End of London. For there were men prancing about with double-barrelled sporting-guns, army officers swaggering with swords, even physical drill enthusiasts swinging Indian clubs. It only needed some modern David with faith in his little sling to make the picture complete.

They were all in deadly earnest, good citizens willing to serve the State.

On one side of me, the door of a carter's yard opened slowly and cautiously. A round and well-known face appeared, a pale face, too; the face of Winston Churchill who was then Home Secretary.

I snapped that, you may be sure, but an agency man, standing by me, got a better shot than I did.

Sidney Street remained in a state of siege the

whole day, and the wildest rumours were rife among the crowd. The entire neighbourhood was riddled with police. Every room of the house next door to the besieged house in Sidney Street was full of them, to make sure that Peter the Painter could not escape through the wall. Police were posted on roofs. They were everywhere.

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CHAPTER IV

ROYALTY

It is not too easy for a photographer to shoot Royalty from any but the strictly official angle. But to get pictures, which all the other camera-men get as well, is just precisely no fun. Yet in spite of the difficulties, some of my most successful shots have been those of Royal personages.

Perhaps I have been lucky! Perhaps my aim has been better than usual on these occasions. Probably a little of both. Anyhow, I do love trying to get 'that little something which the others haven't got', and so I was very much interested when Calvert of the *Daily Graphic* said to me, with reference to the forthcoming Swedish Royal wedding, 'Can't you manage to hit on something a bit more out of the way than the everlasting wedding procession?'

'Surely!' I answered, for wedding processions, whether the contracting parties are Royal or ruffians, have a distressing similarity. 'What about a shot taken inside Kensington Palace?' for the Crown Prince of Sweden was coming over to England to marry Lady-Louise Mountbatten.

Calvert told me emphatically that life was short and that he was too busy to listen to that particular brand of folly. All the same, I persisted that the

Press would dare to try to gate-crash on such an occasion, he said in that pidgin-English, which every foreigner is supposed to understand, 'You Swedish photographer?' He raised his brows into interrogation marks to show that this was a question.

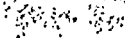
This was luck beyond my wildest dreams. This indeed was money for jam! This was almost too good to be true.

'Ja! Ja!' I nodded emphatically, trusting he knew no more Swedish than I did.

'Up!' This angel-in-disguise jerked his thumb upwards. 'Two floors,' and he showed me two fingers, so that I might better understand.

'Ja! Ja!' I repeated, and hurried away into the Palace and up the stairs before this kindly person could offer to come and show me the way.

There was no one on the stairs, so I went up, as commanded, to the second floor, and passed through an open doorway into a small ante-room, which led into a large drawing-room where the reception was to be held. Here in the ante-room I stayed, for a peep round the door had shown me a large studio camera ready for the arrival of the bride and bridegroom. Even more distinct was the fact that there was a large Court photographer in attendance. I knew him by sight. He knew me. So I made myself as inconspicuous as possible behind an arrangement of flowers, knowing full well that he would have me shown the door without any compunction if he saw me.



idea was a good one, and I have a feeling that one should never scrap a sound idea without testing it thoroughly.

'There's bound to be a Swedish photographer there,' I mused, thinking aloud for his benefit. 'Little mistakes of identification have happened before. Besides, I've a morning coat I bought for my own wedding. It's the least thing on the tight side now, and moth eaten in parts, but otherwise it's as good as new.'

'Very well!' Calvert shrugged his shoulders and agreed without enthusiasm. 'I'll put you off the diary for the day!'

That meant that I had a free hand to do as I liked. So I made my preparations to enter the ranks of Royal photographers. This included buying myself a pale grey tie and having my silk hat made wider by Dunn's. When I was dressed up, I wasn't at all sure whether it would be wiser to go to the Palace after all, or to set up in business on my own as a professional bookmaker!

To Kensington Palace, however, I went, by taxi, timing to arrive while the ceremony was still in progress at the Abbey.

There was a huge crowd waiting. A footman, resplendent in red plush breeches, white silk stockings, buckled shoes, and with powdered hair, flung open the door of the taxi for me. He was a kindly soul, and I wish him well. For seeing me carry my attaché case openly, and never dreaming that the

Press would dare to try to gate-crash on such an occasion, he said in that pidgin-English, which every foreigner is supposed to understand, 'You Swedish photographer?' He raised his brows into interrogation marks to show that this was a question.

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I am not afflicted with nerves as a rule, but to-day I was jumpy. It would be such a scoop if I could get my picture, such a sell if I couldn't. Then suddenly, unannounced, unheralded, the bride arrived, with her groom, passing near enough for me to touch her. I did not move from where I was, but I bowed in what I hoped was Swedish fashion. Since I could not hope to put up a tripod, I just held my camera under my coat, and when the Court photographer put his head under the black velvet focussing-cloth, I stepped out from my bower of flowers and shot. It was a good moment, the Crown Prince and his Princess were looking straight into one another's eyes. They were absolutely natural and very much in love.

As soon as I had shot, the work of an instant, I stepped back again out of sight and waited. Almost immediately there was the unmistakable sound of the approach of Royalty up the stairs, for at a wedding, Blue Blood behaves very much like the ordinary red variety. They swept through the ante-room, laughing and talking, but who so modest in the shadows as J. Jarche?

The Court photographer gave them a few moments before approaching, with a wealth of bows and smiles, to group his Royal clients. Having done so, he dived under the cloth again, and this was my cue to step forward to shoot. But before I could do so, he came up from under his cloth.

I never saw a man more surprised than he was at

the sight of me. With one stride he was at my side. 'What are you doing here?' he demanded. He had to keep his voice low, but even so, one of the Royal group heard him, and raised inquiring brows.

'Hush!' I looked past him to the waiting group. 'They want you.'

He turned away for a minute; only one! But that one minute was my salvation. I slipped out of the room, and after that you couldn't see me for dust.

I mingled with the throng of incoming guests, and eventually as I was on the point of leaving, I met my friend, the kindly footman again.

'You good?' he inquired.

'My photographs are excellent, thank you,' I told him. 'Thank you so much for your help?'

His jaw dropped. 'You English?' he asked incredulously, still sticking to his pidgin language.

'Rather!' I told him. 'I wouldn't care to be anything else, would you? I hope you'll like my pictures in to-morrow's *Daily Graphic*.'

'Look here!' He dropped his voice in aggrieved protest. 'You just buzz off. Damned sauce!' he muttered, his face a perfect picture of injured dignity. 'And to think I opened the door for you.'

'We're all human,' I whispered by way of consolation.

Then I hailed a taxi and told the man to look sharp, only too anxious to put as much space as I could between Kensington Palace and myself. My one fear now was that the footman's conscience

would drive him to report the matter, and that my plates would be confiscated.

When I developed my plates, and showed the prints to Calvert, he whooped with joy.

'What a scoop!' he chortled. 'Your front page to-morrow, my lad. Good for you.'

There was better to follow. Virtue, this time, was not to be only its own reward, for the next day I received a nice letter from Mr. Will, the Managing Editor, enclosing a five-pound note as prize money.

'But the best was yet to come. The day after, I was sent for to go to the office. 'We want all your plates of the Royal wedding,' I was told. 'An aeroplane is coming from Sweden to pick them up and take them over.'

'What about the official pictures?' I asked naturally enough.

But it appeared there was trouble in the official photographer's studio.

There had been a most regrettable accident. A boy who was carrying the plates had let them fall. They had been broken past repair. I was truly sorry for that lad. I felt he wouldn't be popular with his firm. But in spite of my sympathy, the fact remains that my pictures of the Royal wedding are the ones put on record. I came out of that office an inch taller than I went in, and if there had been another wedding in the offing, Dunn's would have had to make that hat of mine even larger!

The Afghan Royalties gave me much more trouble.

They stayed at Claridge's Hotel, occupying the whole of the first floor, heated specially at great expense, so it was said, in order that they might live at the temperature to which they were accustomed.

Of course every paper and agency on Fleet Street wanted to get photographs. But everybody failed. King Amanullah was accustomed to having his own way. In his country, his word had been law. He would not be shot, and when he said 'No' he meant it.

But Noble, who was at that time my chief on the *Daily Sketch*, would not admit defeat.

'We must get them somehow,' he said. 'Some one is sure to get them in the end and it must be us.'

'All right!' I agreed, though I did not quite see how it was going to be done. 'Give me Cameron Waller to help me, and we'll both go and live at Claridge's.'

Waller, I must explain, was in Fleet Street language, a 'chaser'. In the case of a murder, train smash, fire or any other tragedy, a chaser will approach the relations of the victim, and glean from them the most intimate details of his life, so as to make a good news story. A chaser has the most difficult and least enviable job on Fleet Street, with infinitely more kicks than halfpence attached to it. But I reckoned that Waller's dogged pertinacity ought to stand us in good stead now.

When we reached Claridge's Hotel, we began to see exactly how ticklish our job was, for we found that

there was only one staircase to the Royal suite, and that was never left unguarded for a moment. Moreover at the foot of the stairs, there stood in a group half the camera-men of London. We did not join them.

'He travels the fastest who travels alone.' We decided to play a lone hand. As a preliminary, we managed to become acquainted with the hall porter who might be a valuable ally. After that, we went in to lunch, and got into touch with that august person, the head waiter. Afterwards we took our courage in both hands and contrived to speak to that more-than-Royalty, the manager. We had been sensibly discreet with the first two. With even more sense, we burst a bomb-shell upon the manager, telling him who we were, and what we wanted. For a wise man knows that it is sometimes wiser to speak than to be silent.

'We never allow that sort of thing,' the manager assured us. 'Never! But . . .' There was a long pause. 'If you will promise me not to annoy anybody, I'll give you the freedom of the place. That is all I can do for you.'

It was much more than we had dared to hope, so we promised faithfully to annoy nobody, thanked him and departed.

Waller found out exactly what the Royalties were doing day by day. That evening, for instance, they were to dine at the Afghan Legation. Therefore they must pass along the corridor

and down the staircase in all their glory. So on the off-chance, we took a tripod and flash-lamp to the landing past the guard, and set everything in readiness. When the King and Queen came out of their apartments with their attendants, there at the corner were we, neat as new pins in evening dress, bowing low, and I pointing to the camera.

The King answered my request. I did not know what His Majesty said. I knew what he meant. Nothing doing. Therefore nothing was done. We bowed in submission to his decree, and the Royal procession passed on. But when the King and Queen returned, there we still were, bowing to the King, and pointing hopefully to the camera.

The King's remarks were terse, and I am sure very much to the point for any one who understood what he said. Anyhow, he would have none of us nor of our photography.

This went on for three days and nights. We never presumed to say a word, but whenever the Afghan Royalties left the hotel or came back to it, at any hour of the night, we were always waiting for them, bowing and smiling, always inviting by gesture only, their attention to the camera.

We played our parts as well as we knew how to, but we were both bored to tears. We seemed to have come across at last, in King Amanullah, a man who meant what he said.

On the fourth day, when our patience was beginning to wear thin, we knew that the foreign Royalty

were to dine with Their Majesties at Buckingham Palace.

We changed our tactics that evening, but we did not change into evening dress. We kept on our ordinary clothes, in a vague hope of giving the impression that we were poor honest men, tired and baffled, but never defeated, sticking to our posts like modern Casabiancas. Did we touch the King's heart? We did not! As he passed us, he let us have it left and right from the shoulder, and his eyes shot flashes of fire in our direction. It was therefore in the nature of an aftermath, when a secretary left the ranks, and came to us as flustered as a hen in the rain. 'The King very much objects to your presence here. Would you kindly leave the hotel immediately, once and for all,' he said to us in good plain English.

'You'll be late, old fellow,' I advised him, for I did not want him to have time to complain to the management. Our roving commission only lasted so long as we annoyed nobody. One word of complaint, and out we should have gone.

Anyhow, he went away, and since no one came near us, to turn us out, we stayed put. When the Royal party returned that night late, we were in our usual place with smiles glued to very unamused faces.

As the King approached, I could hear him laughing with that sort of chuckle which invariably betokens a first-class dinner, eaten with appetite and good digestion.

As he caught sight of us, the smile froze on his lips, and he halted, pointing a lean brown forefinger at us.

'What are you doing here?' he thundered. At least that was what it sounded like. I felt sure also that the rest of his remarks were far from being complimentary. It was obviously touch and go for us. We had nothing to lose, but everything to gain.

I put on my best imitation of a man who has lost his job through failing to photograph Royalty, and pointed despairingly to the camera.

Either the dinner was doing good work, or our perseverance touched the muscle which King Amanullah was pleased to call his heart. Anyhow, he hurried abruptly from us and walked straight into his room. But on the threshold he paused and beckoned us to follow. We did not need asking twice; We went in.

'Now! What it is you want?' he demanded of me in very bad French. 'Why are you standing there day after day? Why?'

My father and mother were both French, though I am a Britisher, but I could and did tell him exactly what I wanted. I put all my cards on the table.

'A scoop, Your Majesty. If I can get a picture of Your Majesty and the Queen, it will mean a great deal for me. I am asking a big favour of Your Majesty, I know, but . . .'

The Queen looked very hard at me while I was speaking. I don't know whether she understood,

but she showed neither approval nor disapprobation. She just disappeared into her room. Waller was not wasting any time. Leaving the talking to me, he was busy, bringing in the stand and attending to the lights.

The King, at last, gave an impatient sigh of acquiescence, as though bowing to the inevitable, and tried to straighten the bow of his dress shirt. He was, I remember, wearing medals and a pale blue ribbon across his breast. He could not see himself properly in the mirror, for he was on the short side. I offered him a stool. He stepped on to it, preened himself, smoothing his hair, twitching an order to left and right, arranging his tie.

‘Now!’ he said, giving a little jump off the stool.

‘And the Queen,’ I hinted, ‘wearing the famous jewels.’ For the Press had written of her tiara, worth a king’s ransom.

‘Souriya!’ he shouted, ‘Souriya!’

The Queen refused to be hurried, so to pass the time the King examined my camera, wanting to know the use of all the gadgets.

When I explained it to him, he played with it like a curious child. His fingers were so nimble that I very much wanted to tell him to leave it alone. The Queen did it for me. As soon as she entered, she reproved him severely. I could imagine that she was reminding him that this was not Afghanistan, where one could be as merry as one liked, but sober England. At this point the entourage came in, and

stood around, for all the world like a posse of plain-clothes police prepared to arrest us at any moment.

I arranged the group, the bejewelled Queen sitting on a settee, with a standard lamp behind her, giving a drawing-room effect. The King was standing beside her. Everything was in order, exactly as I wished. But as soon as I prepared to make an exposure, the King pulled a grimace, just like a naughty boy. When he had done that four or five times, and I had spoiled as many plates, the joke began to pall, and my hands itched to treat him as though he really were a naughty boy.

'Please, please, sir,' I begged. 'Be serious just for one minute.'

Again the Queen helped me. A sharp word from her brought him to himself, and I shot.

At that moment the King saw that one of the courtiers was busy with a little ciné-kodak. He had been working it all the while the King was jesting with me. I don't know whether loyal Afghans at home might have been shocked at the sight of such levity in high places. Or perhaps it was *lèse-majesté*. Anyhow, the King sprang forward, every inch a monarch now, and an Oriental, absolute monarch at that! His face was livid with fury and a torrent of angry words flowed from him. One felt that anything might happen. In Afghanistan it probably would have done so. But being in England, the camera was confiscated, the delinquent severely reprimanded and dismissed. After witnessing this

slight upset, I was on the point of taking my leave, but the King stopped me 'I must see the picture before it is published,' he stipulated

'Very well, sir!' I said, but I sighed, for it was now nearly half past one in the morning, and that complicated my plans considerably, since it could not now be published in the morning paper 'But, Your Majesty, you will not allow any one else to photograph you before I publish, will you?'

'*Regardez!*' ordered the King, and, spitting on his hand, he drew his finger across his throat '*Person! Nobody!*' he vowed 'But yours must be good!'

Waller and I rushed back to the office, developed the plates, and by dint of working all night, we produced a perfect fifteen by twelve inch enlargement before six o'clock, when I went back to Claridge's Hotel I waited in the lounge until half past eight No one took any notice of me By this time I was as well known as a piece of the hotel furniture Then, since there was no guard on the stairs, I went up and knocked at the door of the King's bedroom

After a pause which seemed a year, the King himself came to the door He was dressed in bright scarlet pyjamas, over which he had thrown a Paisley silk dressing gown He was yawning and his eyes were heavy with sleep I don't know what reception I expected Certainly not the one I got The King held out both hands to me in welcome, and drew me into the sitting room

'I hope you will be pleased with the photograph, Your Majesty!' I said as I held it out to him.

He took it from me, gave one glance at it, then literally jumped for joy. 'Souriya!' he called, and dived back into the bedroom, from which came sounds of delight. In a minute or two he was back, and having left the photograph with his Queen, he threw both arms around me.

'But marvellous!' he gloated. 'How it is magnificent!'

As he spoke I heard the clock strike nine. I had my photograph, but my work was far from finished.

'Your Majesty,' I said, 'your great kindness has made me bold to ask you another.'

'Not another, surely,' he protested, his face clouding.

'Not to do anything,' I hastened to assure him. 'But just this, please do not let any one else photo—'

He interrupted me again with that gesture of drawing his finger across his throat. 'No one!' he vowed. 'Not a soul! Now go!'

But when I went downstairs, there in the hall stood the Art Editor of a rival paper, with two photographers ready with umbrella lights.

'Waller!' I cried, 'I can't possibly stand this.'

So upstairs I went again, and this time the King's reception of me was not so cordial.

'You must not worry me,' he began, his face spoiled by a scowl. But he allowed me to tell

him of my plight, and he was good enough to repeat his assurances that no one but myself should shoot him.

Still, I sat in that vestibule all day long, glued to those other men, until they loathed the sight of me, and I of them.

By this time I was so tired that if I had relaxed an instant I should have slept.

King Amanullah did not leave the hotel till evening. As he came down the stairs, my rivals asked permission to photograph him. He refused to allow it. Hidden behind a pillar, I saw his gesture of dismissal, and my heart jumped within me. So the rival camera-men went home, but to make assurance trebly sure I stayed on until I saw, myself unseen, the King come in and go upstairs to bed. Then and then only did Waller and I allow ourselves to stagger home to sleep our fill.

The next day the *Daily Sketch* came out with exclusive pictures, and our scoop was the talk of the street. Moreover, both Waller and I received prizes of £5 5s. each. King Amanullah, by the way, ordered prints of the photograph to the tune of over £30.

This experience had an amusing sequel.

When King Amanullah went to Oxford to receive an honorary degree, I was sent by my paper to cover the ceremony. But for some reason the police harried the Press that day, and whenever I raised my camera, a hefty arm blocked the view.

'For pity's sake, don't be a silly fool!' I begged the particular Robert who was thwarting me. 'King Amanullah knows me! I'm a friend of his.'

As though in proof of my boast, as the procession passed, the King happened to turn his head in my direction, saw me and bowed.

'There!' I chortled, ducking under the Bobby's arm. 'He's calling me.' As I bowed, I also managed to shoot.

'You be more careful,' I told the constable when I took my place again. 'Didn't you know I am going to be the Royal photographer to Afghanistan?'

The policeman prophesied another fate for me, but the Afghan secretary told me later that His Majesty was most desirous that I should one day make a trip to Afghanistan to photograph the palace and the country. This rosy picture of myself, a Court photographer, was unfortunately not of long duration.

For soon after his return from Europe, King Amanullah was deposed and fled for his life. I don't suppose now that there would be any need for me to wait four days to shoot an exiled King.

I made another excursion into the realms of Royalty when I went to Belgrade to cover the wedding of the King of Jugoslavia to the daughter of the King and Queen of Roumania.

I was not the only pebble on the beach this trip. There were crowds of pressmen there, including Alan Cobham, who was in those days just a pilot

engaged by our rival paper, the *Daily Mirror*, to fly pictures back to England.

As he was to go over the Alps, he was taking great risks.

I had with me in my bag the famous morning coat and silk hat which had done me so well before. So leaving the wedding part of the business to a brother camera-man, I dressed myself up and started for the Palace, with my camera in an attaché-case.

At the entrance, I put into practice a principle to which I always adhere when in a tight corner, namely, 'Go on walking'. I swept past the sentry, chin in air, with the result that instead of being challenged, I received a salute.

I then made my way straight up the drive and into the large conservatory where the reception was to be held. The King of Yugoslavia was already there with his new Queen, who was a great beauty. The King and Queen of Roumania had also arrived, as well as the Duke of York, who was representing His Majesty the King on this occasion.

But as the guests flocked in, wave upon wave of laughing people, it was impossible for me to get a photograph. Every one was close to every one else, talking as only southerners can, in half a dozen languages. No one was still an instant. I felt I must shoot, but at this rate, there would be nothing but a blur. Yet I knew that if I waited I should miss the train, and I had to catch it.

So at last I ventured to approach King Ferdinand

of Roumania. 'Sir,' I said, forgetting all about George Washington who could not tell a lie, 'I have an aeroplane waiting in a field near by to fly to England with a photograph, if you would be so good as to permit me to take one.'

'You are English?' inquired the King, and when I repeated that I was, and urged my request again, he went across and whispered something in the ear of his new son-in-law. The King of Yugoslavia nodded. A space was cleared for me. I shot, bowed and departed, delighted with myself for having snaffled another Royal scoop.

But my joy was a little premature, for having caught my train, in the nick of time, I bought a copy of the *Daily Mirror* at Trieste. There on the front page were pictures of the Royal wedding, and my plates were still in my bag! Alan Cobham had flown back with the pictures for the *Daily Mirror*, who, of course, had beaten us, hands down.

Naturally, that took some of the starch out of me at the time, for a late scoop is as dull as flat champagne.

But the incident was of great value to our firm in teaching us that nothing big could be done without proper organization. 'Get on or get out' was evidently to be the motto of the future. Planes had come and come to stay.

I remember the wedding of Prince Olaf of Norway to Princess Martha of Sweden, in 1929, because of

the fun and thrill Billy Field and I got out of Norway. No one made any sort of scoop.

As luck would have it, after a wonderful crossing from Newcastle to Bergen, we arrived in Oslo, where the snow was still on the ground, at the time of a colossal fire in the biggest store of the place. Fires are a frequent and very dangerous occurrence in the North of Europe, where so many of the buildings are made of wood.

We hurried to the spot, took photographs, which we dispatched to England by post, and then returned to our hotel and went up to our rooms, which were on the fourth floor.

Press photographers out on a job are very much like schoolboys on holiday. We were interested to notice on the floor, near one window, a coil of rope attached to the floor by an iron bolt.

The boots, who arrived in answer to our ring (for it was late and the hall porter was off duty), told us it was an emergency exit in case of fire.

'In that case,' announced Billy Field, 'we ought to have a dress rehearsal. What d'you think, Jarché?'

I agreed on the necessity. So we looked out of the window to make sure that the coast was clear, and having ascertained that it was, we came down that rope, hand over hand. It was a fine thrill and we did it four or five times. After that, we began to grow bolder. We knocked at the windows of other guests as we passed, sometimes by hand, sometimes

with the toe of our boot. Altogether we had a fine night of it. But the pitcher went too often to the well. At the seventh descent, we found a policeman waiting for us. With sudden innocence as to what he could want, we pleaded ignorance of Norwegian, and that, at any rate, was true. When he realized that, he summoned the manager from his bed, and there was a regular hurly-burly. For it transpired that to slide down a fire-escape for fun was on the same level as pulling the communication cord on a train, and was punishable by fines amounting to . . .

In the end, however, nothing happened, and next day we shot our shots and came home scoopless.

Not long afterwards, Field and I, the wedding experts, were sent off to Rome for the marriage of the Italian Crown Prince to Princess Marie-José of Belgium. The city was very full, yet we were marked men from the moment of our arrival. Detectives dogged our steps wherever we went, though to this day I have no idea of the reason. Incidentally, we went very often to a restaurant, where we ate some kind of spaghetti *fettichini*. Its preparation was known only to Alfredo, the proprietor, and after his clients had signed their names in his visitors' book, he served them with a golden spoon and fork, the gift to him of Mary Pickford. We used to eat this stuff in and out of season, enjoying it all the more because of keeping the detectives waiting.

Very late, the night before the wedding, we

learned that orders had been issued that no planes should leave Rome on the wedding day. This upset all our calculations, for this time we had a plane, with an Italian pilot, waiting to take our pictures home. So late though it was, we went to the British Legation and laid our case before His Excellency, who received us in his dressing gown. He eventually promised to put our complaint before Signor Balbo, the Air Minister. The last thing we heard was that permission had been given for our plane to leave for England next day. We took our shots of the bride and bridegroom, who came out on to the balcony of the Palace to see the crowds cheering. Then we taxied to the aerodrome. To our consternation, the pilot refused to take off. He said that the weather conditions were too bad to risk.

When nothing that we urged could persuade him to change his mind, we got into touch by telephone with Mr. Noble, our Illustrations Editor, who happened to be in Genoa at the time. He told us to put the plates on to the first train to Genoa and that he would meet them. From there, he telegraphed them by the Belin method to Paris and they were flown to London.

As things turned out, it was a dead heat between us and another paper, whose plane, piloted by an Englishman, got through all right. After this, it was decided henceforward to use only British pilots for British planes.

The loveliest photograph of Royalty that I have

ever taken, was one of Queen Alexandra, when she attended the Flower Show at Chelsea. The police hounded the camera-men that day, but as I was walking about, I saw someone hand Her Majesty a very fine white gardenia. Her Majesty's deafness prevented her from entering into conversation with people, but she took the flower and smiled her thanks. I was at the side of her and caught her in profile, one of the most perfect faces imaginable, veiled in fine spotted net.

The photograph was so beautiful and the expression on the Queen's face so sweet, that the picture was published in every paper in the country.

His Majesty the King is an excellent subject for the camera, whether laughing or grave. He is, besides, always very gracious to the camera-men. I remember when he came to Victoria Station to say good-bye to the Prince of Wales, who was going on his world tour, all the Press photographers were driven back by the authorities to a distance of about 50 yards, which was useless. An officious equerry told us that the King did not wish any pictures to be taken.

So we all put our cameras on the ground, and did nothing. When the King arrived, he talked to the Prince. Then he noticed us, and sent an equerry—the same one—to us with the message, 'Gentlemen! His Majesty desires you to take your pictures.'

We came in to within five yards of them, and shot to our hearts' content. As one Pressman said, want-

ing to pay the King a high compliment, 'He has the mind of a journalist.'

I have always been very fortunate with Her Majesty, Queen Mary, shooting her in happy, smiling mood. By now the other camera-men know this, and they always try to stand near me when we are out to shoot the Queen.

The Prince of Wales is a difficult subject for the camera, because of his constant change of expression. But, of course, he is the most photographed person in the country, and I have shot him at all sorts of functions, dinners, dances, foundation-stone ceremonies, point-to-point races, and after he had been crowned a bard at the National Eisteddfod at Pontypool.

I was also present at his Investiture at Carnarvon, when a big scoop was achieved.

All of us camera-men were taken to a tower from which we could get a good view of the procession. The door was locked to prevent unauthorized people using the place. But there was a snag about this, for though this kept the public out, it also kept us in. Since we knew of the arrangements beforehand, we took messenger-boys with us, to run with our first plates for the four o'clock train for London if the ceremony should happen to be late.

It was late, and while we champed and chafed, waiting for our jailer to unlock us, the minutes ticked over.

At five minutes to the hour, Tim Consolé, who

was then working on the staff of a London agency, pulled out of his pocket a long piece of string. He fastened one end of this to his camera, and let it down to the boy waiting below.

'Buck up, Tim!' we all shouted, for we saw a chance of getting our stuff to London by that train after all.

'Wait a second,' retorted Tim, playing out the string inch by inch, until the boy below had the camera in his hands. Then Tim opened his fingers and let the end of the string drop!

When we realized what he had done, and how he had done us all, Tim nearly followed that string out of the window.

But as the train steamed out of the city, with Tim's plates but not ours, we had sense enough to realize that the joke was on us.

A big scoop had been made. But not by us.

CHAPTER V

POLITICIANS

GENERALLY speaking, politicians are as easy to shoot as a sitting pheasant. They want all the publicity they can get. The spot of their choice is the centre of the stage with the limelight, all the limelight, flooding on to them. But there are times when dead secrecy is necessary, and the well-being of nations is supposed to depend on 'mum' being the word. Politicians are then as modest as ostriches burying their heads in the sand and thinking that no one sees them. These, of course, are the very times when they are most carefully watched by the Press, for the inside of the box is more interesting than its lid.

It was on one of these hush-hush occasions that the editor of the *Daily Herald* called me into the office at six o'clock one evening. He dropped his voice, although the door was shut, and we were alone. It was evidently an important occasion.

I naturally thought I was on the carpet. The Editor's face was so very grave that I racked my brains to remember how I had failed or exceeded my duty. His first words reassured me about my own crime-sheet, giving me the clue to the situation.

'I have a very ticklish job for you, Jarché,' he said. 'You are to be on duty-to-morrow early, so as to take Hunter to breakfast at Churt with Mr. Lloyd George.'

Since Hunter was and is the political correspondent for the *Daily Herald*, I could guess, without claiming to be unduly bright, that yet another of the Lib-Lab parleys was to take place, and that once again preparations were to be made for the friendship of the lion and the lamb.

I learned that in this comedy I was cast for the double rôle of chauffeur and photographer.

'But don't show your camera,' added the Editor (as though I ever did!) 'until Hunter has arranged matters and gives you permission.'

As I left the Editor's room, I could not help feeling that it must puzzle the angels to know why breakfast, of all times in the day, should be thought suitable for a reconciliation!

But 'theirs not to reason why', so up I rose from my bed in the sma' wee hours, and met a yawning Hunter who was as communicative as a clam. He sat hunched beside me all the way into Surrey, puffing in melancholy fashion at an evil-smelling pipe. In fact our expedition was the real genuine article in the way of secret, silent political service.

When we reached Churt, I drove through the pillars of the drive and up to the front door with a flourish. Hunter got out, and I reversed the car, a Standard saloon, to about twelve yards distance from the house. Then, like a respectful chauffeur, I sat at

case and watched a maid open the door and Hunter disappear.

I had not been sitting there long, contemplating the beauties of nature and wondering when, if ever, I should get any breakfast, before a window on the first floor was flung wide open. I leaned out of the window of the car in time to see a head of fine white wavy hair appear, surrounding a face known all over the world. It was Mr. Lloyd George.

By the way, all press photographers like him more than a little. To begin with, he is a good subject. Any photograph of him, whatever he is doing, makes a picture. In the second place, he always gives us a square deal and is always genial.

When he caught sight of me, he leaned farther out of that window and waved his hand. To whom? To me! I was the only person there.

'What are you doing out there?' he shouted. 'Come in.'

Did I need asking twice? I did not.

'Very good, sir!' I called back, and leapt out of the car with my camera-case in my hand. He must have come downstairs at the double, for as I reached the front door he opened it.

'I'm sorry I'm late,' he apologized as he shook hands with me.

'You're not late, sir!' I said. 'I've only been there a minute!'

'Good! Drop your stuff down there'—he pointed to a chair—'and come in to breakfast.'

I followed him into a morning-room, where the table was laid for the meal. There was a hot-plate buffet at the side, well supplied with breakfast dishes, thus dispensing with the need of service.

'Help yourself,' Mr. Lloyd George urged me, and I did, liberally, for that drive in the early morning had whetted the edge of an always keen appetite. Apparently Mr. Lloyd George was also hungry.

There was one trifling circumstance which did rather astonish me. That table was laid for two persons, not three, and there was no sign of Hunter. Still, that was not my pigeon. It was not Hunter's keeper.

'I think we'll have breakfast first and talk afterwards, Hunter,' Mr. Lloyd George turned to me, as we drew in our chairs and prepared to open the attack.

At that I let my knife and fork drop noisily to my plate, and Mr. Lloyd George looked up sharply.

'I'm not Hunter, sir,' I told him. 'I'm the press photographer.'

He put up his famous pince-nez and looked at me over them in silence. For an awful moment I saw myself the cause of broken party relations and the centre of a political crisis. Further, I saw that breakfast vanishing from sight.

But not a bit of it.

He laughed, that cheery, comfortable laugh of his, which put me right with myself.

'Where is Hunter then?' he demanded.

I could not help him 'I don't know, sir!' I said. 'I saw him go in'

Mr Lloyd George laughed again 'We'd better go and find the lost sheep,' he suggested

So we downed tools, and went into another room, where Hunter was sitting on the very edge of his chair, apparently ill at ease

But he was far more so when he saw me behind Mr Lloyd George, and if looks could have killed, my widow would have been claiming my life insurance money

'Good morning, Hunter!' Mr Lloyd George welcomed him 'Come on in We're half way through breakfast, this fellow and I'

I tried to tell Hunter by my lips that all was well, but I never saw a more depressed man He thought the whole plan was ruined, and that I was the cause

Another place was laid at table, and we all three sat down to breakfast, and while they talked I ate. What did they talk about? I don't know Politics were, and are not, of interest to me I was hungry In the intervals, I watched Mr Lloyd George, fascinated by his vitality and his ever changing expressions

After the meal he lit a cigar 'As for you, my lad,' he turned to me, 'you'd better get on with your pictures' So I fetched in my camera and shot time and again, catching Lloyd George in a number of characteristic postures I included Hunter in some of the pictures

'Let's go for a stroll,' Mr. Lloyd George suggested when they had disposed of the affairs of the nation. 'I'd like to show you my fruit-garden. There's a Ramsay raspberry not red, but yellow. And I am particularly proud of my Baldwin blackcurrant.'

Hunter was more talkative on the return journey. Actually he did a non-stop turn all the way to Town, of which the refrain was, 'Near thing that, Jim. I thought all was up.'

I don't know to this day what all the bother was about. I do know that my pictures appeared on the pages of the *Daily Herald*.

Mr. Lloyd George has seen me on other occasions, too, but at least once I have seen him when he has not noticed me.

I had been sent to San Remo to cover the Conference and I used to get up early to bathe. One morning, when I was going back to the hotel after my dip, I saw Mr. Randall, the detective in charge of Mr. Lloyd George, who was then Premier, sitting on the lawn having his early morning coffee.

I crossed to speak to him, and as we chatted, a window opened behind us, and out on to the balcony of his room came Mr. Lloyd George in pyjamas to do his daily dozen.

The next moment . . .

'What a scoop!' I swore, focussing my camera.

But Randall shot his hand across the lens and shook his head. 'No, Jarché!' He was most emphatic about it. 'N . . .'

With many regrets, but without a word of argument, I moved the camera away.

I wouldn't have put it across Randall for the world. With reference to him, the Premier might have quoted Kipling, 'He was my servant, and the better man.'

Another time I had a very amusing experience at Chequers. There was some important gathering being held in connexion with the Peace Treaty. Both Foch and Briand were expected to attend. When I arrived a little late, there was a regiment of police, local and plain-clothes men, outside the main gate of Chequers, and a crowd of spectators, who could see nothing. There was also a bunch of pressmen, all protesting at being kept out, but doing so in vain. The police were adamant. Orders were orders. No one was to be allowed inside.

Since we couldn't get in, I slipped away to take advantage of the sun and country air, but I did not advertise that I was going. Like the politicians themselves, I wanted a little quietness.

So I walked around, and turning off the main road, went into a meadow behind Chequers. Then following my invariable plan I kept on walking, and finally came to a small gate leading into the garden. This was not guarded.

I went in! I went on! And on, till I came to a lawn, and by then I was near enough to the house to see three men sitting on a balcony. I recognized them at once. There was Foch with a long stick,

Briand in an overcoat and bowler hat, and the Prime Minister in a sort of Ulster cape with a soft black trilby. They were laughing in the way men do whose lunch, both liquids and solids, has come up to expectations.

That laughter sounded to me like a good omen. I took it as my cue to advance. My footsteps made no sound on the grass. I was quite close to them before they saw me.

Foch spotted me first and pointed his stick at me, using it like a rifle.

'*Voilà! La presse!*' he called.

At the sound of his voice I halted. But then, I thought he beckoned to me. At least I made up my mind to think so, and advancing to within shooting distance, I shot. They all laughed again. That lunch must have been exceptionally good. I laughed too as heartily as one of them, raised my hat, bowed and cleared off quickly. I sauntered back the way I came and presented myself at the main gate. Here I added my loud protests to those of the other camera-men that we were not allowed in. I placed the responsibility of their being no photographs in to-morrow's papers on the heads of the police, and went back to the office.

They regarded it there as a good scoop. It turned out to be good business too, for the French Government sent large orders for copies of the print.

But things were very different at the Conference at Genoa. The camera-men were treated as so many

spies, hounded as though they were lepers. I really thought that I had met my Waterloo. I could shoot nothing and nobody. For all the good I was doing, I might have been in Town. One day I slipped into the grounds of the Palace of San Giorgio, which had been chartered for the Conference, and started on my old game of walking, hoping for the best. But my luck seemed to be out, for I was met by two *carabinieri*. These men of the Italian police force are exceedingly smart. Their uniform with gold-braided epaulets, blue coats, long swords worn on the left side, plumed helmets and white gloves, give them a martial air. The effect of such splendour is rather spoiled by the fact that they are nearly all such little men. At a pinch I could have picked them up, the two of them, and carried them away, one under each arm.

They approached me, and halted at the salute. It caused them infinite regret, they intimated to me, but—and here they waved their hands, no one was permitted to be in the grounds.

I offered my best apologies for having trespassed. I also took the opportunity of congratulating them upon their exceedingly smart and picturesque appearance, so different from that of our friend Robert at home. Might I, I asked, shoot them? They were good enough to say that I might. In fact they rather liked the idea. I thanked them, as I fumbled with my camera, but I was really far more concerned with the fact that round the corner, on a terrace, was Mr.

Lloyd George with illustrious statesmen of other nations.

One of the *carabinieri* curled his moustache and struck a pose. The other followed suit, straightened his hat and crossed his legs.

'A little farther to the left, please,' I suggested. 'Standing there you have the light full in your eyes.' As they moved, so did I, taking up my position where I could clearly see the group on the terrace. Then I shot the policemen, and answered a host of questions about the camera, all the time moving a shade nearer to the terrace as I did so, in fact leading them on.

'You take pictures like this,' I explained, placing a slide in the back, and winding the shutter as I spoke. 'Now,' I went on, 'you look through the finder to see how I centre.'

They did so, and afterwards, just to see if they were right, I put the camera to my own eye and shot the group on the terrace, although it was rather far away.

One of the men who could speak a little English asked me at what speed I worked. So I loaded the camera again, and obligingly showed them how to take photographs in a hundredth part of a second, and at the same time I was able to get a second and better shot of the terrace group.

Since I now had enough for the time being, I amused myself showing them how the British police make an arrest. I crossed my hands as though

wearing 'the bracelets', and taught the *carabinieri* how to catch hold of me by the arm and the shoulder. Then, the three of us marched, on the very best of terms, to the main gate, where the disgruntled pressmen were congregated in a bunch. They shouted with ribald laughter when we hove in sight.

They were all certain that, at long last, Jarché had got what was coming to him. An Italian Sozia snapped my discomfiture in the 'hands of the police'. But though I never saw his picture of me in the Italian papers (though I have a print of it myself), the other photographers had the pleasure [*sic*] of seeing my shots of the Conference statesmen on our front page. There is no truer proverb than the one about the really best laugh being the last.

At Spa, where for the first time the Germans came to meet the other members of the Conference, Lord Riddell was the big help to the photographers, and we had far more facilities granted us than usually fall to our lot. But even he could not assist me to what would have been the scoop of the century. For I used to meet all the grandees at the famous baths, when politicians and pressmen had to lie side by side in the deep, copper-lined vats all along the bathroom, to emerge later the colour of bronze.

M. Venizelos was particular to the baths, and he and I often met. Some men lend themselves more than others. They

point or characteristic which makes a picture.' As I have said before, Mr. Lloyd George is a case in point with his *romantic appearance, his forceful gestures* and his smile.

Mr. Baldwin's face is strong and his features well-marked. As for his pipe, it is a help in time of trouble to the camera-man. With a facetious caption underneath, it is sure to go down well. The Lord of the Privy Seal owes half his popularity to this pipe, and the public expects it in any photograph.

Winston's sartorial eccentricities have now become part and parcel of his reputation. But to whatever dizzy heights of political fame he may rise, he is never likely to become a leader of men's fashions.

I plead guilty to having rubbed this fact in to the public consciousness through the photographs of him which I have taken. But then I always seem to have been lucky in regard to him. Whenever I have met him, he has been wearing, either a pudding-shaped bowler, a Victorian topper, or a tiny trilby which stuck up on his head like a funny man's hat.

One cannot help wondering does he ever look in the mirror before leaving the house.

Once he came out in a pair of riding-breeches, which fitted him so tightly that it looked as though he had been poured into them like a jelly into a mould.

On none of these occasions was I really bashful

about shooting. The only time he looked thoroughly usual was when he posed as a bricklayer.

Sir John Simon, on the other hand, has nothing striking in his dress or appearance. There is not a single gesture or pose typical of him to help a camera man to make a good picture.

But all the same, I took him once in a striking attitude, and it happened in this wise.

In the final report of the Simon Commission there appeared these words: 'No man who has taken part in the representative institutions of Britain can fail to sympathize with the desire of others to secure for their own land a similar development.' The day afterwards, the Editor of the *Daily Herald* sent for me and told me that he had a rather awkward commission for me. It was to get a photograph of Sir John Simon striking an attitude. The Editor wanted him with his right hand pointing upwards in a Lloyd George attitude. Moreover, Sir John's eyes were to follow the direction of the finger. The idea, as I very well knew, was to publish the photograph, with that sentence from his report, streaming from his hand like a banner.

I rubbed my nose reflectively as I listened, for, to my way of thinking, 'awkward' hardly seemed the right word.

'How, exactly, does one get him to do that?' I asked.

The Editor intimated that he was not there to teach me my job, and left me to it. My first step

was to find out that Sir John and Lady Simon were both at their country house in Oxfordshire. My second was to go there and present my credentials.

There was no secrecy about it. I was the accredited press photographer of the *Daily Herald*. All was above board, that is to say, nearly all.

The secretary whom I saw, asked me to wait, and later Sir John came into the room, greeting me with that urbanity which had so often lured witnesses in the box into saying more than they meant.

He began by praising our paper. It was, he said, the cleverest rag on the street.

'That is the reason, sir,' I countered, 'why we want a good photograph of you for stock. You and Lady Simon for preference,' I added.

He was quite willing for that. He fetched Lady Simon, and led the way into the garden. But as they posed for me on a lovely old stone seat, I had no time to look at the view nor to admire the scene. The whole of my attention was rivetted on the problem of how in the name of wonder was I to get Sir John to point upwards, and to look at his finger.

Afterwards, when Lady Simon left us, Sir John was good enough to show me round the garden.

On a piece of old crazy paving, I asked him to pose for me again alone. He did so. There was everything right with that shot except one thing. It was not what the Editor had sent me to get.

Since time was going, I decided to ask for what I wanted.

I should have liked you in some more striking attitude,' I told him 'Wouldn't it be possible for you to look up, sir? Like this!' and I struck a soulful attitude

'Why?' he demanded, and with good reason too probably, for I must have looked a pretty big fool

'Just a little out of the ordinary, sir,' I replied 'And why not make a gesture with your hand, sir'

'This is funny,' remarked Sir John, staring at me while I focussed the camera with that 'watch the-dickey bird' attitude which even, the public man cannot forget when he comes to face the camera But he did raise his hand a little, like a master admonishing a class

'Higher, sir,' I said, and the hand went up a little more 'Higher, higher,' I encouraged the biggest brain of the century at the Bar 'Higher, higher still' When I had the attitude I wanted, I shot and retired quickly

Sir John himself is so well versed in the tricks of his own trade, that I do hope he forgave me if he saw the photographs in the *Daily Herald* next day, and recognized that I had been up to mine

Nor is there anything at all from the photographer's point of view in Mr Ramsay MacDonald either as Prime Minister of the Labour Government or of any other

I was sent to shoot him one day at No 10 Downing Street, when he was a member of the Labour Party

The appointment was made for eleven o'clock in

the morning, and when I arrived, punctual to the minute, I was told by a secretary that the Prime Minister was exceedingly busy. He was also in a hurry. Would I therefore please be as quick as I could, and tactful, for the great man was not feeling well? I gathered from what was not said that he was also out of temper. Since the photograph was to be taken in the room where he was at present working, my instructions were to prepare everything without disturbing him. Only at the last minute was I to announce, 'I'm ready, sir.' Then Heigh! Presto! A shot! and out I was to go.

This sounded all very fine, but it was not according to my instructions from the other end, for the *Daily Herald* wanted a series of shots, full face, half, quarter, etc., on both sides of the face. It was, in fact, to be a sort of glorified twelve-a-shilling sitting.

I tiptoed into the room where the Prime Minister was working. I fixed everything as I wanted it, dragging a chair to the window into a more or less studio position, set up the camera and focussed. When all was ready, I approached Mr. MacDonald and said, 'I'm ready for you, sir.'

The Prime Minister did not look up. He murmured with a frown, 'Just a moment. I shan't keep you long,' and went on writing for a good ten minutes.

At the end of that time he suddenly seemed to remember that I was there. He pushed back his

chair, jumped to his feet, and said in perfect Scotch, 'Is this necessary? I don't feel like photographs to-day. Hurry up, please!'

Whereupon he sat bolt upright in the chair I had placed for him, looking straight at me in a dour Celtic way.

I shot quickly, and even more quickly slipped in another slide, for he had begun to move.

'Not yet, sir,' I said. 'Now follow my hand,' and I moved it to the right. Naturally he turned slightly to the left. I shot. 'And again, sir,' I urged, moving the hand still more to the right. Again I shot. 'And now, out of the window,' I commanded, so as to get his profile.

I don't believe he could have disobeyed me. It was like a snake hypnotizing a rabbit.

'This is a circus for the wur-ld to see,' he said, rolling the 'r' ominously and preparing to get up.

'One minute again, sir,' I rapped out smartly. 'You've done very well so far, but round to the other side, please.'

So round we went, and I got all my shots according to instructions, but the last one, I must admit, showed him looking thoroughly put out.

I met Mr. MacDonald another time when he was in more pleasant mood. He came to the office of the new *Daily Herald* on March 17th, 1929, to press a button which was to release the first machine for the new press.

I shot him in the machine-room from which the first edition of the new paper went to press. I had made my plans for a quick speed developing. As soon as the photograph was taken it was rushed off to the dark-room, there were relays of boys to move it from one process to the other, and before Mr. MacDonald left the room, I was able to present him with a copy of the shot which I had taken four minutes before.

He congratulated me on the speed and on the truly remarkable organization which made such a feat possible.

The shot was good, but the picture was not. If Mr. MacDonald did not happen to be Prime Minister, he might be little Mr. Everyman.

Lord Birkenhead, on the contrary, was very different. All his life and genius seemed to be bubbling out of him. I have often been to Cowes for the Regatta, and have taken shots of him, his yacht and his parties.

There was no dourness about him either: He did not keep one hanging about, but tried to make things easy. When I had done my work, I was always invited to share a bottle of the best, and to smoke one of F.E.'s incomparable cigars.

Since being on the staff of the *Daily Herald*, I have attended nearly every Labour Conference, as well as most of those of the T.U.C.

On these occasions, which combine work and holiday, I expose more plates than at any other time.

Twenty five shots a day is nothing out of the ordinary

After the business of the day comes pleasure bathing, baths and physical jerks Since I was Gymnastic Instructor during the war, I usually take that rôle at the Conference They may be members of the awkward squad, but they are willing pupils I like to see Ben Tillett (whom during the Transport Strike I shot delivering the 'God strike Lord Portland dead' speech) doing trunk exercises It gives me as much pleasure as when I saw him with Sir James Sexton rehearsing sea shanties at Transport House for their broadcast

And once I won an election At least I say so, and no one has ever denied it Sir Stafford Cripps was fighting East Bristol, a big publicity campaign was planned, and I was sent down

'Will you lend yourself to me for a day, Sir Stafford?' I asked him He consented, though with out enthusiasm, so I called for him with a car at the election room early next day

We hadn't got far before we came up to a group of men mending the road

I stopped Sir Stafford got out and did a little canvassing I shot and we moved on There were half a dozen carters watering their horses Sir Stafford got out to speak to them I shot In fact he talked all day long, and I continued to shoot as he spoke to all sorts and conditions of people in every manner of place, markets, railways, factories,



ENZA TIBBETT AND SIR JAMES SEXTON SINGING SILENTIES.



shops. Everywhere he went he made speeches too, and I got him talking into the camera, so as to get a good action picture.

The *Daily Herald* came out with a whole back page of Sir Stafford Cripps winning the election, and since nothing succeeds like success, Sir Stafford went in for East Bristol with a thumping majority.

I have yet to shoot the fair sex in politics, but then the fair sex in politics have yet to do anything noteworthy. When they do get going, may I be there to see.

As a rule, the camera-men are more interested in the Commons than the Lords, who 'do nothing in particular and do it very well'.

But I was once inside the House of Lords on a very special occasion.

The King opened the Naval Conference with a speech, the first he had made since his grave illness. I was then on the *Daily Sketch*, and was chosen by the Newspaper Proprietors' Association to get the close-up of the King when he was actually speaking.

It was a very dark day. Outside was as black as night. I was afraid I should never get the picture of the King. But I did manage to secure it, and it was published in every paper in the United Kingdom, and travelled all over the world.

This shot had very important results for me. For on the strength of it I obtained my post on the *Daily Herald*.

CHAPTER VI.

NEVER AGAIN.

ENOUGH is proverbially as good as a feast. But since individual taste varies, the thousandth repetition of an experience may fall short of sufficiency for one person, while once can easily be a surfeit for another.

I have called this chapter 'Never Again' because there are certain experiences which I shall never repeat, either on account of their exceptional quality, their danger, or their unpleasantness.

Among these was my trip on the windjammer, *Abraham Rydberg*, of which the good so far outweighed the bad that it is one of the pleasantest memories of my life.

This vessel is a training ship for cadets in the Swedish Mercantile Marine. It makes an annual trip to Australia to bring back a cargo of grain. During the voyage the cadets are instructed in seamanship.

On her homeward journey, the boat lay off Falmouth and permission was given me to board her, and continue the voyage with her as far as the Ipswich granaries.

On my arrival at Falmouth, the windjammer was pointed out to me, a small black speck, riding at anchor, two miles or so out to sea. I therefore

chartered a motor-boat to take me out to her, and clambering up the rope-ladder which was let down, I reached the deck, where the watch was standing at attention. For me! I felt like a Lord High Admiral of the Fleet! The official reply of the civilian to the salute of the quarter-deck is to raise the hat. - I had none. Therefore, with great *empressement*, I raised my beret!

The chief officer then asked me to accompany him to the Captain, whom we found seated at a table in his cabin, typing. I was immensely disappointed in him at first, and another of my illusions went by the board. For I thought the Captain of a windjammer would be a veritable old salt, gnarled and knotted, a man of the John Silver variety, with a sulphuric vocabulary to match his temper. In striking contrast to my mental picture, this Captain might have stepped straight out of a picture of the old Vikings. He had the ash-blond hair of the North, eyes blue as the sea, and a complexion as smooth and fair as a woman's. When he spoke, he was more English than an Englishman. There was even a hint of an Oxford drawl in his voice as he bade me welcome, and expressed pleasure that I was to be his guest.

As I listened to him, my thoughts of roughing it, and seeing life in the raw began to fade. When later I saw my luxurious little quarters, with a cadet detailed off to attend to me, they vanished altogether.

Before dinner I joined him in an appetiser of aquavita, which is Sweden's own idea of gin. We

followed this up with some Australian beer. I can't say whether it was their strength, or the effect of the mixture, but I do know that before we sat down to the meal, I had a sudden feeling that the ship was under way in a heavy sea.

We were still lying at anchor when I turned in for the night. As a nightcap in the way of bed books, the Captain offered to lend me the history of the Swedish Royal Family. I exchanged this later for one of Jack London's yarns, because the other was too bloodthirsty. Apparently the cold of the North has no effect on the hot blood of its people.

I awoke next morning to see the Captain's head round my cabin-door.

'We are about to sail,' he told me.

I threw on my clothes and ran out on to the deck, where there was a tremendous amount of seeming confusion, bustle and noise. I went forward to watch the men heave up the anchor. They did this by the aid of a capstan with four large poles attached to it. There were four men straining at each pole, and on the small circular platform in the centre sat a cadet, playing a concertina. The men all moved to the rhythm of the music, and how they sang! I've never heard better singing except in Wales.

The Captain was now a very different person from the little gentleman of the night before. He was energy personified. He dived into ropes, he cursed in Swedish at the top of his voice (or it sounded like cursing). He rapped out orders as though they were

paths. Men sprang here and there to his command. I began to revise my opinion of him. He was more like the real thing.

At last, with sails all billowing in the breeze, the ship was away, running before a fresh wind. She looked for all the world like a lovely woman going to Court, decked out in her finery. It was one of the finest sights I have ever seen.

I have always prided myself on being able to eat anywhere, anything, and at any time. On this occasion I had good opportunity of proving my boast, for breakfast consisted of rice pudding in place of porridge, and some very strong sausage which, following the Captain's example, I tackled with my fingers. We finished with bread and honey. There was neither tea nor coffee, but we drank cocoa made at the table with boiling cream.

The mixture may sound strange. It was, but it was also good, so good that I was glad the sea was not rough. Two of us sat down to breakfast. A third appeared half-way through the meal, in the person of a small black cat.

'May I introduce Victor,' said the Captain. 'When you have heard his story you will understand the point of the name.'

He told me that when they were four days out of Wallaroo, a large black cat appeared on deck one day, apparently from nowhere. Every one denied knowledge of him, so he was signed on as one of the crew under the name of Charles. An unfortunate accident

of sex required a change of name to Christina, for one morning it was found that the number of the crew had been increased by six during the night.

In spite of their seven lives, the only one of the family to survive the voyage was the little fellow now sitting on the Captain's shoulder. Hence his name, and the youngest cadet had asked permission to take Victor home with him to Gottenburg.

At the end of the meal I asked the Captain for advice about my shots.

'I'm always wanting new angles, Captain,' I told him. 'You know what other photographers have done. I want to avoid that, if I can. Give me some new idea.'

'Good,' he nodded. 'I will give you an angle which no one has ever had. Climb up to the crow's-nest at the mast-head and get a view looking down on to the deck. That will be—would be,' he corrected himself, 'really novel.'

I followed the direction of his finger, and saw the perpendicular rope-ladder with the steel rungs, running up to the crow's-nest. I was more than half certain that the Captain was laughing at me, daring me to try, but certain that I should fail. Yet if I could somehow or other manage to do as he suggested and take my picture from aloft, it would really be something novel. So with my camera strapped on to me, I started climbing, conscious that I was an object of great interest, not to say amusement, to the whole crew. I have not a bad head for height,

though I confess that I prefer the height I am scaling to keep still and not sway to and fro. I managed fairly well as long as I had to climb perpendicularly, but when it came to climbing out and up against gravitation, I gave in, and came down. My failure was popular, for every cadet on board could have done that climb. I couldn't. The height, and the motion of the ship were too much for me. That is one of the things against which I have written 'Never again'. That is a scoop which some one else may get. I never shall.

The Captain had another good idea. In fact he had so many that I was convinced he was talking to me with his tongue in his cheek, trying to put me through my paces, and rather hoping I would not succeed.

The figure-head of the ship was the image of a woman who was always called Sarah Rydberg. Now Sarah was just having her annual spring-clean, a man being lowered in a bos'n's chair to wash her, and then titivate her up a little with paint. The Captain's idea was that I was to climb to the end of the jib-boom and be lowered in another chair to within a few feet of the water. From this position, according to him, I should be able to get a striking picture of Sarah, with the sails billowing out above her.

It sounded good, very good indeed for somebody else. But I agreed to try, though in my heart of hearts I was not too keen on the stunt, because if one did slip, the consequences would be more than unpleasant.

Four of the crew were in charge of lowering the

chair, a crude affair made of a plank, slung between ropes. Remembering my own fifteen stone weight I was glad to notice that they were hefty fellows capable of holding me. I crawled along the jib-boom trying not to look down at the water beneath, and relieved to see that there was a net stretched beneath it which would catch me if I fell. The bos'n crawled after me. At the end of the boom he seized me by the slack of my clothes and steadied me as I lowered myself on to the plank—chair by courtesy only—which swung to and fro over the water in a sickening fashion.

At a sign from the bos'n, the four men lowered me to within ten feet of the water. As I went down my heart came up into my mouth, the spray dashed against my face. Frankly, I was not happy. I was tossed about too much to be able to take any shot. All my time was taken up in sitting tight. The bos'n saw what was happening and lowered me two more ropes. In order to free my hands, I held the camera between my teeth. I then tied a rope to each end of the seat to try to get more support so as to steady myself. Even so, it was difficult to balance while I focussed, but in the end I did manage to shoot. I shot Sarah. I shot the man painting her. I shot the whole ship.

I signalled to the men on board to pull me up, and they did so. What with nervousness, hurry and a little clumsiness thrown in, I could not get through the net and on to the jib-boom. I struggled there

Battersea. The best vantage-ground for seeing this was the top of the gasometer. The Gas, Light and Coke Company were good enough to give me permission to shoot from there. On my arrival at the gasometer I was put in charge of an employé who took me to the top. The top, by the way, is shaped like an umbrella and slopes down towards the edge, at which there is a low rail perhaps two feet high. Walking downwards, as though to destruction, cumbered with a camera and case, was one of the most uncomfortable sensations I have ever had. The employé, far wiser than I, made no bones about it. He did not like it. He did not attempt to do it, either. He just crawled after me on all fours, carrying the tripod and obviously nervous. I had to stand fairly near the edge before I could shoot, otherwise I should have had a large section of roof in the foreground, which would have spoiled the picture. I shot, then thankfully made my way back to the head of the staircase up which we had come.

The employé very kindly offered to let me have a look down into the gasometer itself before we went down. I jumped at the opportunity. 'Try everything once' is my motto. He insisted that before I went inside, I should hand over to his care anything which might conceivably be inflammable. Then following his instructions I took a deep breath, opened a first door, closed it, opened a second and passed, still without breathing, along an iron grating to a platform. From here I looked down into a sea

of gas, of great depth. The interior, lighted by glass fanlights, was similar to the Albert Hall, the gas-pipes looking like perfectly shaped organ pipes, with weights which regulated the pressure of gas. There was a zigzag staircase leading to the bottom, picked out in white aluminium paint.

I stared as long as I could, then made my way back to the air, feeling fit to burst. But I took with me the idea of a brand-new angle picture, for if I could shoot looking straight down into the well of the gasometer, that really would be something startling.

The idea certainly startled the employé, who was very unwilling to let me do so. He only gave his consent under pressure, after I promised him faithfully not to publish without first obtaining the company's permission.

The next problem was the question of breath. In order to save time, which was very precious, I prepared my camera outside, for I could tell exactly what exposure I should need. Then, primed with lungfuls of fresh air, I made my way in again, as quickly as I could, placed my camera looking downwards into the chasm, and gave the plate a nine seconds' exposure. To make sure, I shot again, before struggling out, and beginning to breathe, as though fresh air were a luxury.

When I rushed the plates back to the office, the Editor was naturally far more interested in what I had got off my own bat than in what I had been sent to get. He wanted to use the whole of the back page

for the one picture, for my interior was unique. Such a photograph had never been taken before. But a promise is a promise, so the print was submitted before publication to the head office of the Gas, Light and Coke Company, who refused us permission to reproduce it, though they afterwards changed their minds. It was certainly a scoop for me to have ever got it, but when I think of the awesome silence of that gasometer, and the dreadful sensation of being alive where life cannot exist, I say emphatically, 'Never again.'

A scoop of a different kind, which by its very nature can never happen again, was my shot of the dress rehearsal of the Edwardian Ball in April 1934, at the Savoy Hotel.

At this ball, the 'stars' of that day had promised to wear the same clothes as they had done then, and to sing one verse of the particular song which had made them famous. The audience were to have the pleasure of joining in the chorus.

It was essential to the success of the show that there should be a dress rehearsal. The press photographers hoped to get in on this.

When I reached the front entrance of the Savoy, on the morning when the dress rehearsal had been called, I saw a bunch of pressmen outside. They told me they had been refused admission. The organizer would not have them at any price. 'If they had failed, who was I to expect to succeed?' I told them so, and went away from them. But not from

the Savoy, for as I walked down to the Embankment, it struck me that that building would have back entrances as well as front ones. No one was on duty there. I walked in. I kept on walking. I walked upstairs to the ballroom where the rehearsal was in progress. I walked straight into the room and sat down, placing my camera on the floor in front of me. Giraldo's orchestra was just tuning up. The organizer was bustling about giving a great impression of busyness. Seated a little way from me, I recognized Camille Clifford, Ellaline Terriss, Henri Leoni, Alice O'Brien and many other theatrical comets, who used to make my heart beat faster in the old days.

There was a great deal of talk, but when all was fixed to everybody's liking, Camille Clifford slipped off her fur coat and walked on to the stage with the same swing of the hips, and in the same sheath-like black velvet frock which was all the rage nearly thirty years ago. She had preserved her figure, her eighteen-inch waist, and all her charm. The only difference about her was, that instead of the hair being piled high on the top of her head, as in the Edwardian days, she wore it shingled and waved.

The orchestra struck up the tune, and in a voice which had worn extremely well, Camille Clifford sang, 'Why do they call me a Gibson Girl?'

When she had finished, the organizer bustled up to me. I thought she had come to turn me out. Not a bit of it. 'Very well, Mr. Sasha,' she cooed. 'You may take the picture now.'

A rose by any name smells just as sweet. A photographer shoots as well whatever he is called. It was her mistake, not mine, I was not called upon to put her right, so I shot, and then took my seat again.

Ellaline Ferriss's turn came next, and she mounted the stage. But before she began her song, the organizer tiptoed up to me and sat down beside me.

'One moment, Mr. Sasha,' she whispered confidentially. 'I want you to . . .'

Camille Clifford was the shot I wanted. Having got that, I could afford to be candid. 'Who is Mr. Sasha, madam?' I asked innocently. 'You keep calling me Mr. Sasha.'

The smile vanished from her face like writing sponged off a slate. 'Aren't you Mr. Sasha?' she cried shrilly. Then when I told her that I was the *Daily Herald* man, she became even more voluble. 'You must go at once,' she insisted, edging away from me as though I had the plague. 'Please leave instantly. I can't imagine who let you in. Mr. Sasha has the sole rights in this.'

But he hadn't. Next day the *Daily Herald* printed a very fine picture of Camille Clifford!

The pleasures of the rich and poor are on vastly different planes. But at any rate neither class has any right to criticize the taste of the other. If people enjoy a thing, it is quite useless to moralize that they ought to enjoy something else.

Therefore, when we heard at the office about the Wall of Death which had been erected at the

Kursaal, Southend, as a Whitsun holiday thrill for the masses, I was sent down to take shots. If they saw the picture, the public would then be able to know what delights they might anticipate if they decided to spend their holiday in London-by-the-Sea.

The Wall of Death was a wooden cylinder about twenty-five feet high, with a circumference of some fifteen to twenty yards. The public stood on a gallery running round the rim of the cylinder. From here they could watch a motor-cyclist race his bicycle round inside the cylinder so fast that he kept his balance up the perpendicular walls. Near the top, he actually threw his legs over the side of the bicycle and left hold of the handle-bars.

There was every day a large gathering of people who got a real thrill out of seeing another man flirt with death.

The name of this intrepid rider was, very rightly, Tornado Smith. When I arrived at the Kursaal, I was met by a fair young man wearing pince-nez. He spoke in the soft, precise tones that one generally connects with curates addressing young children. He whispered to me, as though it were a secret between us, 'I am Tornado Smith.'

Anything less like his name it would have been impossible to imagine, but I looked at him a few minutes later with respect tempered by awe, as whirling round and round that cylinder at the rate of eighty miles an hour, he rose to the top of the wall.

Standing on the rim among the other spectators, I

shot him. When he came down, I went into the cylinder to speak to him.

'Could a photographer remain in the cylinder and shoot you from beneath as you went up?' I asked, for, always on the hunt for the new angle, I could see that it would make a marvellous picture if I could lie on the floor of the cylinder and shoot him above me.

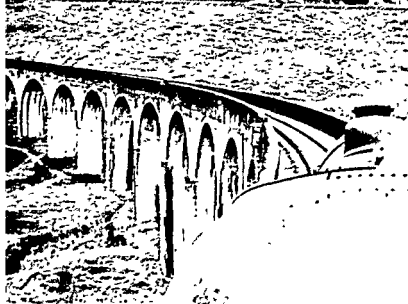
'No insurance company will take me on,' he told me in his quiet way, but there was a gleam of something like approbation in his eyes. 'You can stay inside if you like, but only at your own risk. Remember! If I fall, we are both killed. That is all.'

I had already thought of that, so that I did not really need this cheerful reminder. Nevertheless, I stood in the middle of the cylinder, very still, while he mounted his cycle, roared round past me, and began to climb the wall. The hollow was full of deafening sound. I lay down on the floor as close to the wall as I could get, held the camera above my head and . . . shot. Then I sprang back to the middle of the floor again, for Tornado Smith couldn't come down till I did so. He descended like a whirlwind, passed me closer than was really comfortable, shut off his engine, dismounted, and we went out together. He shook hands with me, and assured me that I was the only photographer who had had the nerve to come inside.

I don't believe his heart's beat was in the least quickened by his escapade.



PLUGHING AT SUNSET
IN THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS



He will go up every day, until . . . As for me, 'Never again.'

Another queer experience which fell to my lot was when the L.N.E.R. wanted me to get a picture for them of the journey from Fort William to Mallaig, one of the best train-rides in Great Britain. As a preliminary, they provided me with a first-class return-ticket to Fort William. Whilst there, I went out in a car along the road which follows the railway, looking for that elusive thing, a new angle.

Glenfinnan Viaduct, a fine piece of engineering on an acute bend, suggested possibilities to me. For I figured out that if I travelled on the engine, and stood on the coal-box, I could get a view looking down on to the viaduct, with the engine-driver and the fireman in the cabin.

So I equipped myself with a pair of overalls, and the next day started the journey in the driver's cabin.

Within a few miles of the viaduct, while the driver slowed to a speed of forty miles an hour for me, I scrambled as best I could on to the coal-box. It seemed to me a very perilous situation, what with the tremendous rush of the wind, the constantly slipping coal, and the fact that every now and again I had to crouch for fear of hitting my head on the roof of tunnels. As we approached the viaduct I fired. I shot again while we were on the viaduct, and yet again as we were leaving, so that I got the rest of the train in the act of crossing. They really

were very fine angles Everybody was pleased, but if anyone else wants that sort of photograph, let him get it himself Once was enough for me

Precarious positions of some sort or another seem to be my fate For I have climbed the Tower Bridge I have sat on the ball of fire on the top of the Monument, placed there to commemorate the Fire of London, and I have placed my hand on the gold cross on the top of St Martin's in the Fields To do this, I had to scale ladders which were placed outside some scaffolding I can only say that as I went up, my opinion of steeplejacking as a profession was very low

The biggest thrill of this sort that I ever had, was when I climbed the Tower Bridge Permission for me to do this had to be obtained from the Guildhall and then I was sent to see Mr Gass, the chief engineer of the bridge He took the precaution to ask me whether I had a good head, and learning that I had, he then sent me as far as the foot of the bridge in a lift! From here, I and two men who were in charge of me, climbed up a straight, narrow ladder inside one of the towers, arriving at a tiny window at the top, from which one could look down between the foot bridge and the movable halves of the traffic-bridge The window, however, was too narrow for me to get any sort of shot worth the having, so I had to climb out on to a ledge With a stout rope tied round my middle, I felt like Mohammed's coffin, poised between heaven and earth



Fort William in the morning, there were cars in readiness to take us to the foot of the mountain. As I looked about, I noticed that reporters were as thick as blackberries, but there was no other camera-man. I shot Alexander climbing into his car, and the uncomfortable thought crossed my mind that if he did anything spectacular, or crashed over a precipice with me on the sea-level, there would be trouble in store for me.

So, having taken the pictures of the ground-level first of all, I followed that car up the mountain, loathing every step of the way. Just ahead of me trudged the horses which were dragging duck-boards and carrying spares in case of accident. There is no road of any sort on the mountain, and that car's course would have broken a snake's back. Climbing under any circumstances is not my idea of pleasure. Climbing in thin shoes was just no joke at all. Within half an hour my feet were terribly sore, and after that, the whole thing became a nightmare of boredom and discomfort. I longed to give up, but I kept on, thinking and hoping that that wretched car couldn't exist for more than another mile, and that I must be in at the death.

Then tragedy came, swift and sudden. A horse slipped, floundered and fell over a precipice. I saw his poor body hit the cliff and bounce off on to the rocks below.

Feeling very sick, and boiling with fury, I ploughed upwards, apparently for ever, accompanied by an



individual in the kilt named Malcolm, who acted as my guide.

After what seemed an eternity of effort we reached the top. There we stayed, slowly freezing, while the car, a thousand feet below, toyed with a broken back axle. I was past caring. Just for curiosity, I took a peep at my feet. They were bruised and bleeding and my socks had shrunk to mittens. Then, to my intense relief, a thick fog came down, enveloping us all in a cold, clammy mist. Shooting was therefore out of the question. I could go down with a clear conscience, and I did.

I heard afterwards that Alexander did actually reach the top, though it was my private opinion that he did not deserve to succeed in such a hare-brained plan. On the top he set fire to the car. We saw the glow on the sky-line while we were at dinner, a festivity which I attended in borrowed socks and carpet slippers. Moreover, during the evening I showed a disposition to stay put, and having sat down, not to rise again.

And I solemnly call upon any one reading this book to witness that I, James Jarché, do hereby renounce all my claims to motoring rights on Ben Nevis for the future. In fact, I have decided to hand over this mountain to the Scottish nation for the rest of my life.

CHAPTER VII

METHOD

A PRESS photographer has never finished learning his job. Each successful scoop gives him that Alexander feeling of wanting new worlds to conquer.

I had been studying photography since I was a lad. I had had an excellent training in all branches of the work under Mr. Warhurst. I had been on Fleet Street as an accredited press photographer for many years, so I thought that at last I really did know something of my subject.

Then, all of a sudden, I discovered that there was a huge field of which I knew nothing, and I had the thrill of my life when I found that darkness could be conquered, and photographs taken in an absolutely unlighted room by means of the infra red ray, a new discovery, comparable with the X ray in its power.

But though the infra red ray can pierce darkness, it shows no light itself.

Naturally this meant the possibility of a revolution in the photographic world, and I had already made some experiments along these lines when the Art Editor of the *Daily Herald*, Mr. Spooner, suggested that I should try to get a picture of an audience in

a theatre, during the showing of a film, when the whole house was in darkness.

Any experiment is interesting, for there is always a thrill in seeing whether one can push the door of knowledge a little wider open. So I went one evening to the Carlton Theatre in the Haymarket, during the performance of 'The Sign of the Cross', to see what could be done. Mr. Short, an expert from the Ilford Photographic Plate Paper and Film Manufacturers, came with me. By a previous arrangement with the management of the theatre, six infra-red lamps had been fitted to the balcony. It must be remembered that these rays, which are so strong that they can 'see' the invisible, are invisible themselves. When, therefore, the ordinary lights were turned off, and the infra-red lamps turned on, the place was still in total darkness, as far as the eye could see, so that the audience had no idea that anything unusual was taking place. My camera was also loaded with the latest and fastest infra-red plates. These had never been used before outside a laboratory, so we had no opportunity of knowing what the result would be like. Hidden by the darkness, and without attracting any one's attention, I shot an audience I could not see, giving nine seconds' exposure. That is less than is required to take a photograph in a lighted room.

It was amazing how still the audience kept when watching the screen. They might have been wax models. Sometimes for as long as ten or twelve

seconds no one stirred. A movement was generally that of a man lighting a cigarette, or a girl taking a chocolate.

I made several experiments that evening with different exposures, varying from six seconds to ten seconds. I was very doubtful whether they would be successful, but when I developed the plates, they were as clear and sharp as though the shots had been taken in broad daylight.

Before taking prints from those plates, we examined the negatives very carefully to make sure that no lovers had used the darkness for stolen embraces. But either the piece was of such gripping interest as to drive away thoughts of private sentiment, or else, as some cynic suggested, the stalls leave kisses to the cheaper seats.

This was the first time that the infra-red rays had been used in journalism. The picture published in the *Daily Herald* attracted a great deal of attention and we received many congratulations on our results.

Another time I made an interesting but very strange experiment as to the effect of heat upon infra-red plates.

I stood an open silver cigarette-case containing cigarettes on its end on a table. I also threw a few loose matches down in front of it. About a foot away, I placed an electric iron up on its end, so that its flat surface was facing the case.

My camera was loaded with infra-red plates and there was an infra-red screen over the lens. I turned

the lights off in the room; I switched the iron on and shot.

I gave the plate an hour's exposure to the invisible glow of the hot iron and got a very good picture.

The infra-red ray is at present only in its infancy, but its possibilities are infinite. Already many strange things have been discovered as to its power. For instance, infra-red rays will show the spots on a child sickening for measles three days before they are due to appear. This fact may well reduce epidemics considerably in the future and improve the standard of our national health,

It can also be told by infra-red whether a negro is pure-bred or whether he has any defiling 'white' blood in his veins. To descend to more everyday matters, after a perfectly clean shave, the infra-red rays show clearly the next day's growth of hair on a man's chin.

It is still uncertain how far infra-red will be used to supplement the X-ray in medical science. But it has been proved that infra-red ray can penetrate wood, and the bodies of insects.

I have an idea that it might be used with advantage in the detection of crime. For instance, a camera might be fixed above any safe containing valuables, and the strong-room fitted with infra-red lamps. It would not need much inventiveness to contrive a method whereby anyone treading on the board in front of the safe would switch on the lights and release the shutter of the camera.

The result would be that the camera would shoot the intruder in the act of rifling the safe, but since the infra-red lamps do not show a glim, he would not know he had been shot.

Or again, the connexion switching on the infra-red lights might be on the stairs or at the window, anywhere, in fact, where an uninvited guest can make an entry. I present this idea to the police in the hope that our friend Bill Sykes will be in for rather a thin time in the near future.

Since its discovery, the Press have found the infra-red plates very useful on many occasions. One Armistice Day, it was misty, and the figures at the Cenotaph looked like ghosts. The massed troops and crowd were nothing but a blur. Most of the press photographers had armed themselves with fast plates. But one man, attached to a Fleet Street agency, took infra-red plates. Most of the others' shots were negligible, but his pictures were not only as clear as though they had been taken on a sunny morning, but they showed the scene much farther than the eye could reach. For the infra-rays had pierced through the mist right up Whitehall to the crowds in Trafalgar Square.

It does not say in the Bible whether the foolish virgins who forgot the oil for their lamps once ever made the same mistake again. Their brothers the pressmen learned their lesson quickly. They always go now armed with infra-red plates in case they should be needed.

Whilst on the subject of the infra-red ray, it occurred to me once that the public had never seen how photographic plates were made, for the emulsion with which they are coated is so highly sensitive to all light except infra-red, that the work has to be done in total darkness. The operators must have eyes like cats, for they move about the laboratory, guided by nothing except red discs glowing on the wall.

I therefore put up the suggestion to the Ilford Photographic Plate, Paper and Film Manufacturers that I should try to take a photograph at their works of plates in the making.

The idea appealed to them immensely, and they arranged an appointment for me when a fresh batch of plates was being made. The room was fitted with infra-red plates.

I focussed up in readiness while the ordinary lights were on, and tried to take my bearings, so as to know where I was when it was dark. Then the lights were switched off, and since I could see nothing, and felt entirely at sea, I was led by the hand to where I was to stand.

'Lights on,' said a voice. The infra-red lights were switched on, though to the human eye they made no difference to the darkness of the room. I released the shutter, gave a second's exposure, and got a remarkable picture of the operators at work, coating the plates with white emulsion. It is an interesting fact that infra-red light did not fog the

plates as the X-rays did on a previous occasion. For the plates then being coated on the conveyor were not spoilt in any way by their exposure to the infra red, but were sold to the public as usual.

The Ilford people were very keenly interested in my result. Copies of the photograph were sent to their agents all over the world.

Moreover, they added to my picture one of their own. For without my knowledge one of their own photographers shot me in the darkness while I was working.

Darkness is not, however, the only cloak under which a photographer can hide. Clothes sometimes make a most efficient screen to one's identity.

I remember on one occasion the late Frank Lascelles, the great pageant master, was staging a show at the Crystal Palace. The pageant was planned on such a large scale that on the opening day I could not get a close up of the people whom I wanted to shoot, because I could not get near enough to them.

Suddenly I had a brain wave! If I could dress up as a monk, of which there were plenty in the scene which was then being enacted, I could mix with the throng and get near the principals. With my camera hidden in the folds of my habit, I should get my shots without calling attention to myself, and without anyone's knowing what I was doing.

Lascelles was always a good friend to me and to all the camera men. 'I see no earthly objections so

long as no one spots you,' he said when I approached him. And I can swear that, after the prop-master had finished with me, my own wife would have passed by the Reverend Father without so much as a second glance.

Then I followed a solemn procession of the monks on to the pageant ground, eyes cast down, hands folded, and if the truth be known, a camera under my arm. I stayed on too, for a long time in an attitude of extreme devotion, but I was busy with other things than prayers. I was shooting hard all the time. When the monks had played their parts and retired, I went with them, of course. But since I had not finished, I went back again as one of a crowd of roistering seventeenth-century Londoners, my camera packed among a barrellful of fruit. I, fifteen stone and all, danced with them at the entrance of the Merry Monarch, and when I had taken all the shots I could, I danced off again, changed, and went to thank Lascelles.

'But why didn't you do what you wanted to do, Caruso?' he inquired, for he had given me that nickname because he always said that if you mixed me up with the great singer, you could never tell the difference until we opened our mouths, and then someone would get a shock.

He was really astonished when I told him that I had already taken all the shots I needed, and that I was very grateful for his help.

Another time when I found a little fancy dress

useful was at the trial of Madame Caillaux, who killed the Editor of the *Figaro*.

I had been sent over to Paris for the case and had been successful in shooting all the principal witnesses. When I had dispatched my pictures back to England I was perfectly free. So I went into court to listen to the case. By some mistake I took a wrong turning and found myself in a long, empty corridor. At that moment M. Albemarle, who was Madame Caillaux's counsel, came along.

He stopped me, and pointing to the camera under my arm asked, 'Where are you going with that?'

'I want to go into court,' I told him. 'To listen this time, not to shoot.'

'You'll be shot out yourself if they see a camera,' he replied. 'You'd better put on a gown,' and he waved his hand towards the robing-room.

Opportunities do not have to knock twice at my door. I dived into that room, seized a robe from an open cupboard, and with my camera tucked under my arm, followed M. Albemarle into court. He stalked forward, the great man. I slipped modestly in, not too near the front.

A picture of the court-scene would have been a really fine scoop. But although I had everything ready, I did not dare to raise my cloak in order to take a shot. Besides, I was in a deadly funk all the time that the Judge would make a mistake and pounce on me for some vital information upon which the life of Madame Caillaux might depend. On the

other hand, there was always the lesser, but none the less present fear, that someone in court might recognize his second best gown and accuse me of stealing. In that case I could foresee that a good deal of explanation would be necessary.

Altogether I was not comfortable, so I crept early out of court, slipped off the robe and returned it to its place. Then, to my great relief, I became a pressman again.

I don't always even need to dress up to hide my identity. Once, disguised as a perfect little gentleman, I went to Burlington House to shoot the visitors, looking at the new model of Liverpool Cathedral.

I knew that some care would be needed about this. Photographers are the Cinderellas of the artistic profession. For the camera tends to make Royal Academicians see red, and photography by the Press in the precincts of Burlington House is the unforgivable sin, punishable by the confiscation of the camera. However, I have yet to meet the rules and regulations which have no loop-hole for the man who wants to get through, and I went to admire the model with a miniature camera in my inside pocket.

There were, I think, five entrances to the room in which the model of the Cathedral was placed. There was an attendant at each door, and each attendant seemed to have both his eyes glued upon me, and me only. But I have always found that the best place to break a rule is in the open, where the custodians least expect it. So right under their

noses, so to speak, I engineered that camera in my pocket on to my right hip, and since I have large hands, I arranged my fingers so that the lens peeped between two of them. A gentle pressure with my thumb, a half second's exposure and the deed was done. A fig for rules! The thing was too easy to be fun!

Conscious of virtue, I made my way leisurely up to one of the attendants

'I have a little camera in my pocket,' I said as 'though butter would not melt in my mouth. 'Do you think I might be allowed to take a photograph of the model of Liverpool Cathedral, please? I want it for my collection'

The attendant shied away from me, as though I had admitted I owned a live bomb

'That is quite impossible, sir. Didn't you know that photography is strictly forbidden?' he demanded sharply

'Is it?' My puzzled face indicated that this was news to me

'Cameras must always be left in the cloakroom before entering the rooms,' he went on. 'I advise you to go and put it there at once. Otherwise I shall have to report the matter and it will probably be confiscated'

I thanked him for his advice and cleared off, nervously. But not off the premises. Instead I knocked at a door marked 'Secretary' and, in answer to a call, went inside

I went up to a table at which a gentleman was

sitting and laid my camera down in front of him. 'I am a press photographer, sir,' I introduced myself, 'representing the *Daily Herald*. I am very anxious to get a picture of the new model of Liverpool Cathedral. If you can see your way to give me permission to take a photograph, I can assure you that I shall not trouble anybody. I can shoot by ordinary light.'

The secretary had listened to me with great courtesy, sitting back in his chair. But apparently my request startled him, for he studied me as though I were an exhibit. 'I think,' he drawled, 'that you are the first honest photographer I have ever met.'

I denied that, but appreciated the compliment.

'At any rate,' he went on, 'you are the only one who has ever had the wisdom to come to me and ask permission to take photographs. Many have taken shots. Many have been caught. You, sir, as I said, are the first honest one.'

As he spoke, he pushed back his chair and stood up. Excusing himself, he went out of the room. I felt in my bones that this was my cue to cut and run, in case he came back and said that in spite of all my honesty, he was in duty bound to confiscate that camera of mine.

However, I did stay, and presently he returned.

'We are going to allow you to take pictures of the Cathedral model,' he told me, but he added that under no circumstances must I inconvenience the public.

I promised faithfully not to do so, thanked him, and went back to the room. There I shot the model as many times as I wished, and passed out . . . an honest man, without a stain on my conscience!

Perhaps bluff is as useful as anything to a press photographer in helping him to get his own way.

I can remember that once I wanted to shoot Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens, with live sprites dancing about him.

Miss Italia Conti thought the suggestion a very good one. She sent along to the park from her school, a taxi-cab full of little fairies to dance about the immortal boy.

The park-keeper who saw me focussing my camera thought otherwise.

'No photography here,' he told me. 'It's not allowed.'

I had met his sort before, a sort of living monument to the 'Thou shalt not' idea.

'There's nothing that's not allowed about what we are going to do,' I answered as innocent as a lamb. 'I'm only watching the children dancing. You can't stop them dancing, can you?'

He had to admit that even the powers of the L.C.C., as vested in his august person, could not do that. So at a nod from me, the lady in charge told the children to begin their dance.

'That's perfectly charming,' I admired, and so it was. Turning to the keeper, I asked, 'Don't you think that is delightful? Look at them.'



one on the level, not about crime and its consequences, but about the ordinary things of life. Anyhow, he came over to me and asked me what I was doing.

'Taking pictures for building purposes,' I said.

'May I have a look, guv'nor?' he asked.

I was quite willing for that and handed him the camera. 'It's rather an interesting camera,' I explained. 'You can shoot without focussing. You don't need to look through the screen at all.'

He shook his head. He did not understand what I meant. So I gave him a practical demonstration, and showed him that if I wanted to shoot any one at a given distance, I should place the lever of the lens so.

'Three yards, for instance!' I warmed up to my subject. 'You see, I put the lever like this, pace what I calculate to be about three yards, and . . . shoot,' and with that I shot him.

'That's very interesting,' he said, passing his hand over his forehead. 'Before I got into trouble, I was a . . .'

I never heard the rest of the story. At this point an officer came out to fetch him in, and I heard that not long afterwards, at eight o'clock on a misty morning, he joined the great majority.

When the *Lusitania* went down, torpedoed by a German U-boat, I was sent over to Queenstown to look for Vanderbilt, who was among the missing. It was thought that his body might be one of those laid out on the floor of the Town Hall awaiting

identification. I was chosen for the job because I knew him well by sight. I had shot him dozens of times with his famous four-in-hand.

Even with my early training, which had hardened me to the sight of death, the sight which met my eyes in the Town Hall made my blood run cold, for I have never seen anything so tragic.

All the bodies of the drowned were laid out in aisles, side by side. They were like statues of chiselled marble, and from their mouths came bubbles of salt water frozen into stalactites.

I looked into the faces of all sorts and conditions of people, old and young, rich and poor, British and foreigners. I remember one woman in particular, as though her image were photographed on to my mind. She was young, fair and dressed in black. She lay there, in the added dignity of death, a young child in either arm.

Photographs of her with her babes were dropped by the thousand over the German lines, to let them see the havoc wrought by their U-boats on non-combatants.

I sometimes read that nowadays people of high degree dine and wine German U-boat commanders in this country. I don't think they could ever do so if they had seen that woman. She was the most forceful argument for peace that I have ever seen.

Sometimes a pressman gets his effects by speed, sometimes by being deliberately slow.

An example of the latter was when we made a bid

to photograph Browne and Kennedy, who murdered P.C. Gutteridge by shooting him through the eyes, one night, in a lonely Essex lane.

There was the greatest secrecy observed about the movements of these men, both of whom were known to be violent to a degree. But an ardent supporter of the *Daily Sketch* rang up the paper to say that his house overlooked the yard of Wandsworth Police Court, and that the two men were going to be brought there the next day. He explained that the back-bedroom of the house was near the gate through which the prison-van must come. From here, we should be able to see the murderers when they got out. There had so far been no press photographs, and the public loves a really good crime. So Billy Field and I, who have been together on many an outing, went down to Wandsworth the day before to reconnoitre, and generally to see how the land lay.

The wife of the owner was terrified at her husband's rashness, yet very anxious to help us. She allowed us to fix the window a little open at the bottom and to arrange our Long Tom, that is to say a camera fitted with a long lens, so that it peeped through the window just where the curtains met. We planned that at the crucial moment, when the two men stood in the yard, Billy Field should open the curtains by an inch and I should shoot.

We left all our belongings there, with the camera focussed up, and returned to the office with prophecies of a scoop. Next day we arrived at the

house at about six o'clock in the morning. We came down by taxi and told the man to hang about to pick us up again. If ever a woman repented her bargain, that woman did, for fear makes many more converts than conscience. When she opened the door for us, her face was as white as a sheet, and she would have liked to draw back. But we told her we could not allow her to do that and her husband supported us. There we were, and there we meant to stay. And there we stayed and stayed and stayed, until it seemed to both of us that we must have taken roots.

At eleven o'clock, however, there was a stir at the police station. News came into the yard. Something was expected to happen. Then the gates of the yard were opened. A Black Maria was driven in. From our hiding-place we saw more detectives come out of the building. The prison-van door was opened and two detectives got out and stood waiting expectantly for——

Billy Field moved the curtain. As he did so, one of the detectives turned round, saw us, and pointed his finger at our window. Another man slammed the van-door, and immediately several started to run as if to come to the house.

The woman who was in the room with us was frantic with terror. Brushing her aside, we packed that camera in record time, rushed out of the house as if the furies were after us, and up the road to the waiting taxi. So back to the office we had to go with nothing to show for our long wait.

Speed stood me in good stead with Charlie Chaplin. He was over in this country and was to be present at the Dominion Theatre in company with Bernard Shaw and Lady Astor, at the opening night of his *City Lights*.

I thought it would be a good idea to get a shot of him before the show began, also I planned to get a real move on, and give him his picture before the curtain went up.

No film star yet born has ever made any bones about being shot. Charlie certainly didn't set the fashion in modesty. He sat on the edge of the balcony with his back to the screen, and allowed me to shoot.

Then I tore back to the office, where I had left everything in readiness, rushed off the print and was back at the Theatre again in less than fifteen minutes.

Charlie Chaplin was delighted with the portrait and with the speed. 'This surely is lightning photography,' he said. 'I thought we knew something about hustle over yonder, but I'll tell the world you have us whacked!'

For which, much thanks!

But when all is said and done, the real secret of any success which a camera man ever attains, lies in his personality. But then, so it does in the success of every one else, duke or dustman.

I had the chance to exercise all I possess in the case of Driver Knox, who was the cause of a railway strike, and therefore very much in the news. He

was dismissed for some fault, real or imaginary. All his brother drivers backed him up and came out in a sympathetic strike.

I rushed up to Newcastle on the much abridged train service, and arriving early went in search of Knox.

I had taken good care to be ahead of the field, who were all coming on by the next train.

Knox himself opened the door to me. 'What d'you want?' he asked.

'To speak to you privately.' I dropped my voice, and with that he opened the door wide enough to allow me to go in. To be inside was half the battle. He would have needed a traction-engine to get me out again.

Knox was just as I would wish to see him for a shot. He was in his shirt-sleeves, with no collar, a pipe, and a most determined scowl.

I explained who I was, what I wanted, and if the truth must be told, what I was willing to pay for an exclusive photograph.

He was quite agreeable. He might be a news feature, but it was very dull not working, so he let me shoot as many times as I wanted to.

I glanced at my watch. It was getting near the time for the arrival of the other train. I debated what to do, and decided to tell Knox how matters stood. 'All my photographs of you will be quite useless to me if any other man shoots you. There will be plenty of press photographers along soon.

Let your wife answer the door, and say you are not in'

I had to rely on his word that he would do as I told him, because I had to hurry off to the station to put my pictures on the next train for London

But when I had done that, I hurried back again, and went into the Knoxs' house by the side door. No one had arrived while I was out. They did soon. There were plenty of callers during the afternoon, but Mrs Knox played up wonderfully. She told all and sundry the same tale, that her husband was not at home to any one. To liven the time, I sent out for beer and baccy, and we made a day of it together till dusk fell. I learned a great deal about engines during the time I sat there with Driver Knox, for I believe a man talks best when speaking of what interests him, his trade or his love affairs. We had to stick to engines, for Mrs Knox was in and out all day! Anyhow, when I left the Knox house, I was a better informed man, though a rather exhausted one, for enthusiasm is apt to become wearisome.

But the remarks of the other camera men who were waiting outside brought me to myself. These are not for publication.

Something call it individuality, perseverance or a less complimentary name, but something got me good shots of the Australians when they arrived in London.

Four men had been chosen by the Newspaper Proprietors' Association to photograph the cricketers on their arrival. I was not one of the four.

But there was no one to prevent my going to the station. Nor is one required to have a permit to carry a camera. And once there, what so easy as to be hail-fellow-well-met with the film people? For the time being, I was an electrician. At any rate, I had gadgets in my hand whenever there were any authorities about demanding badges, and when the Australians did arrive, there was too much of a crush for officialdom to be of real effect.

Anyhow, I managed to get a good shot.

But sometimes one is just too clever. I remember an instance of this when I failed through attempting too much. It was during the building of Australia House, and the builders were using the highest tripod ever erected, with a crane at the top.

Mr. Warhurst, walking down Fleet Street, thought suddenly that it would make a wonderful view if I were to shoot from a bucket in which they drew up ballast.

He said that the picture of Fleet Street, with St. Paul's towering behind, would be very fine.

So after lunch I went off, and having tipped the foreman, he gave me permission to go up, if I cared to take the risks.

Then he explained to me exactly what the risks were. For instance, there were two metal fingers to hold the bucket stationary.

'Don't touch those whatever you do,' he warned me. 'If you do, you will be tipped out.'

He also explained how I could signal to the man

in the cage at the top, whether I wanted to come up or down, or remain stationary.

I could see without any help from him, that when I stood in the bucket, the size of it would only reach up to my waist. It all seemed very dangerous, but, after all, the shot was the thing.

So I climbed in and stood up, holding the camera between my knees. I made a sign with my hand, and the bucket began to rise. It went up at an alarming rate. When I looked down, the buildings of London had shrunk to the size of toys, and an awful thought shot through my mind that nothing but those two fingers held that bucket in an upright position. It was an unpleasant moment. I felt very hot, and very cold, also very far from well, and terrified lest by mistake I should touch those fingers.

I put out my hand feebly. This was a sign to the crane-man that I wanted to stop. We did not go higher, but the basket revolved and swung till, dizzy and sick, I flopped on to the bottom of that bucket, and waved a feeble hand to indicate that I wanted to go down.

I arrived at the office as pale as a ghost, with no shot to my credit.

There are as many methods of press photography as there are camera-men. But I personally would not give a tinker's curse for any method which did not include a great deal of luck.

CHAPTER VIII

LONG SHOTS

WHEN I returned to private life after the war, I was lucky enough to step straight back into my old job on the *Daily Sketch*. I say lucky, and I mean it. Plenty of good fellows found themselves in Queen's Street, where they learned the bitter lesson that too many men came home from France.

A couple of months after my return, early in 1919, Jimmy Heddle, who was then Editor of the *Daily Sketch*, sent for me one evening. There was a man already in his room when he called me in, a slight, youngish man, hardly known at all on Fleet Street. He was a reporter on the *Evening Standard*, which was under the same management as the *Sketch*.

'Jarché,' Heddle said, 'you two are to go for the paper to Germany. The after-war Germany is the idea. You will have £200 each for expenses. I want the best stuff, strong, human, with lashings of colour. You know what I mean.'

He handed us each a chit, then turned to the telephone, having apparently forgotten our existence. But we had heard enough. We collected our money from the cashier and made tracks for the nearest Lyons to discuss plans, I, at any rate, walking

on air For if there was one thing in the world that I loved (and do love, though bad luck, wireless telegraphy and aeroplanes have made it less necessary for a man to go abroad to get foreign news) it was a jaunt abroad Our first purchase was a belt with a pocket, in which I stowed the money, and which I wore next to my skin On every other point we were exceedingly vague I've always found this to be good Plans, like promises, are only made to be broken

Next day we wended our way to Victoria, clad in British warms Crossing from Folkestone to Flushing, and thence to Rotterdam, we went to an hotel which was so full that they could only offer us a double room, a huge barrack of a place with two beds in it

As we were leaving next morning, we decided to take it, and turned in early I said 'Good night' to my colleague as I switched off the light which was near the head of my bed He replied 'Good night' to me, but as he turned over there was the sound of a sharp explosion, followed by a tremendous crash

I leapt for the light, making sure that he had shot himself.

Nothing of the sort! It was only that his bed had collapsed under him His silence was compulsory because he was buried under the bed-clothes, and smothered by the feather bed contraption which on the Continent serves as an eiderdown.

Luckily he wasn't hurt either When at last he

extricated himself, his first remark was, 'What the hell is all this about?' He preferred the floor for the rest of the night to trusting himself to that bed.

We pushed off next day to the village of Amerongen, where the ex-Kaiser was living for the time being, on the country estate of a pro-German Dutchman, as his permanent quarters, Doorn, which was not far away, were being prepared for him, but were not yet ready.

Although we understood that he was hedged about by every precaution to avoid publicity of any sort, and lived a life of monkish seclusion, we were as hopeful as Micawber of something turning up.

We stayed at the Oranjistein Hotel, a very decent little hotel, where a military attaché to the Kaiser's suite was also living. We never got beyond bowing stiffly to him, but we quickly became very friendly with the hotel manager, who, in his spare time, of which he had plenty, was an artist and a musician.

One day he took us round his studio, and we admired his work, which really was quite good. He was gratified by our praise, and mentioned casually that His Imperial Majesty also had been gracious enough to admire his work on his last visit. His Imperial Majesty thought this. His Imperial Majesty thought that. . . . We were suitably impressed, for no one knows better than I do the wisdom of doing in Holland as the Dutchmen do.

From there we went to his drawing-room, where he played to us upon the violin. We were amazed

at such an all-round talent as he possessed, and told him so. He almost purred.

'His Imperial Majesty,' he mouthed, 'has on several occasions been here privately to listen to my music.'

Primed with a little flattery, mine host was always ready to talk. If there was a difficulty it was in stopping him from talking. He babbled on like a brook from morning till night, plying us with stories, good, bad and indifferent.

The place was full of good copy for a newspaper man, but there was not much doing for me, and not so much as a breath of the Kaiser. Still, we stayed on, hoping. We made friends with the Mayor of the place, a man of 6 feet 4 inches, whose principal accomplishment was that he could stand against a wall and pick up a penknife from between his ankles without falling forward. It sounds a slight claim to fame, but if any one doubts the difficulty of the feat, let him try it, and fail. We visited the cigar factories, we visited various landowners, we went about till we knew Amerongen like our own home town, but never once did the Kaiser come to the hotel.

I believe it was a case of 'Fe fa fi fo fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman.'

Then one day, the host came to me, his eyes gleaming, and importance sticking a mile out of him. 'I think,' he whispered very impressively, 'that the Kaiser will honour me with a visit to-morrow,' and he laid his finger across his lips.

I was duly excited, all agog to take any chance, or make one, for the sake of a shot.

'This,' I decided, 'is where I come in with a scoop.'

Since there was no possible chance that I should get my shot by fair means, I looked about for the other way. Having sworn never, whatever happened, to incriminate the host, he allowed me, though he was frightened out of his wits to do so, to examine the studio carefully for some hiding-place. The obvious and, therefore, for this occasion the best place, was behind a fine, heavy red velvet curtain hung across one corner of the room to hide a number of unfinished canvases.

I took the precaution to cut from this a hole the size of a penny, making the cut in the fold of the curtain where it would not show. I applied the lens of the camera to this hole, and I figured that I could get a very tolerable shot of any one in the room.

As the time grew near when the ex-Kaiser was expected to put in an appearance, I took up my position behind the curtain. It was stuffy. It was dark. It was cramped. But that was nothing to me if I could get what I wanted, and what no other press photographer had been able to get so far. It would be a scoop of the first water.

I waited and waited and waited, till a very crest-fallen host came into the room and invited me to come out. 'His Imperial Majesty has changed his mind,' he told me in a pained way, feeling evidently

like a conjurer who has failed to produce the rabbits out of the hat.

I was very bored with both of them—ex-Emperor and hotel manager—but I confess I am glad I was not present when the manager's wife discovered the hole in the curtain.

That evening I went down the street for a stroll to stretch my legs after being cramped so long in the corner. In the village shop we found a Mills bomb, hanging up on a peg in the window, with the pin still in it.

We tried to buy it. One of us had the brilliant idea of throwing it over the wall of the estate where the Kaiser was staying, in the hopes of causing a commotion.

My hopeful suggestion was to climb the wall at night, and explode it near the house. The inmates would be sure to get the Kaiser away. In the confusion and rush, I would get a shot.

Unfortunately, all our plans went up the spout, for the shop people refused point blank to sell the bomb to the mad Englishmen. In despair we walked up to the gates and were promptly stopped by the sentry and turned back. So that was that.

But though we failed to get what we wanted, another journalist succeeded, by a ruse which was so clever as to be worth repeating.

The grounds of the house where the Kaiser was staying were surrounded by a high wall. A sentry guarded the gate, denying entrance to all except the

few authorized people. The circumstances of the Kaiser's daily life were hedged about with great mystery. He never appeared in public.

But there did leak out the information that he walked every day at a certain time along the same path, to and fro, back and forth. Furthermore, it was said that he took exercise in sawing logs, as he felt very keenly the deprivation of riding horse-back.

All this was, however, hearsay. No one had seen the Kaiser taking his constitutional, or at his log-sawing. There had been no photograph of him in the papers.

An enterprising Dutch photographer decided to make good this omission. He dressed up as a farmer and chartered a very high load of hay at a farm some miles away. He and his companions then travelled at a walking pace along the road past the estate where the Kaiser was living. Having taken the precaution to saw half through one of the shafts, the cart broke down conveniently at a spot just overlooking the place where the Kaiser used to saw his logs.

After some delay, while the driver, who was also in the know, made play at trying to get the shaft back again, he led the horse away, leaving the cart derelict by the roadside, with the photographer-farmer lying doggo on the top on the load.

Presently the Kaiser came out from the house, walked quickly down the path and began to use the saw. The photographer squirmed himself into posi-

tion and shot. But as he did so the Kaiser happened to look up, spotted the man, and ran back hurriedly into the house with his hands before his face. It was too late. The picture had already been taken, and the photographer got the scoop of the year with a shot which appeared in all the papers of the world.

Strangely enough, no vehicles after this were allowed to stop alongside that wall for the rest of the Kaiser's stay.

Having finished with Amerongen, we next made our way to Berlin, where the British Army ought to have gone at the end of the war.

I had heard from men who had been there that there was no ill-feeling on the part of the Germans against individual Britishers, but we were both conscious of great hostility towards us as soon as we arrived.

The porters at the station were surly to a degree, the taxi-man insolent, while at the Adlon, which is the Ritz of Berlin, we received nothing but black looks.

'We may not be exactly in for the Hollywood Stakes in the matter of looks,' I said, 'but it's not our faces which are getting us the frozen mitt. It's the British wars.'

So we dumped the coats away and went to the best tailors in Berlin, who sold us overcoats of a perfect cut at a cost equivalent in English money to about 4s.

In fact, German credit was so low, the rate of exchange being 5,000 marks instead of 25 to the £1 sterling, that we could easily hire the best suite of rooms in the hotel for a song, and live like millionaires on 7d. a day. We did this and proceeded to study post-war Germany.

Germany as seen in Berlin was at this time a tragedy, and an ugly, vicious farce. There was unbounded licence and luxury on the part of the war-profiters, for all the barriers of decency and reserve were down and they wallowed in every kind of degradation. On the other hand the professional classes and people living on fixed incomes were starving, walking the streets barefooted. Babies died like flies for lack of nourishment or, in plain language, of starvation.

One distressing side of the economic situation was the quick eagerness of decent, well-bred girls to sell themselves to any man who could afford to keep, clothe and feed them. One girl in particular impressed herself on my mind. She came up to me in the lounge of the Adlon and, blushing like a nervous schoolgirl, announced that her price was 300 marks for the month.

To enhance her value, she added that her golden hair reached the ground, and that she was an excellent mender and would darn for me and my friend. Considering that 300 marks in those days would be about 1s. 6d. in English money, she was not over-rating herself.

We went everywhere and saw everything, for we struck lucky. The day after our arrival we ran into the ex-Kaiser's chief detective who had always accompanied him to England. That detective also struck lucky in meeting us, and visited us every day, telling us where to go and what to see. He had fallen on very evil days. Like the rest of Germany he was hungry, and when a man is conscious of an empty feeling in his stomach, it is my experience that he will do anything for food. This man had a pair of cuff-links given to him by King Edward on one of the Kaiser's visits to England. He offered them to us for 30 marks, practically nothing.

We refused to take them, advising him strongly to keep them against better days. But we did give him food, every day. It was a pleasure to see that man eat, but very uncomfortable to think of the general suffering through Germany.

He asked after many of the big detectives whom he had met on his various trips to England. Inspector Hester was one of those in whom he was particularly interested. He also wanted to know very badly how England tasted to Germany, and what reception would Germans be likely to get there. He was of great use to us, but it was after he had left us one day that we fell in with the biggest adventure of our Berlin stay.

We were having dinner, a good one, too. Two ladies at the next table were dining meagrely, washing down their food with water. There was no

I should like to blow up the whole worthless crowd when we had done with them. When! But we hadn't done yet. We hadn't begun.

We sat down at one of the tables with our innocent little escorts, and ordered champagne at a price which would have kept a German family in comfort for a month. At any rate it was good champagne, I drank some. I drank some more, and what with the excitement and everything, I began to feel that I owned Berlin.

'I rather think,' I drawled, 'that this is my cue for a picture.'

The reply of the two girls was a very forceful negative.

But I simply could not bring myself to let such a chance slide. It was one in a million, and never likely to come my way again. So when the others got up to dance, I consoled myself for their desertion by slipping out to the cloak-room, which was now deserted, and making my preparations.

I fixed the camera on to the tripod, put a slide into position and thrust a spare slide in my hip pocket.

I had already with my eye measured the distance at which I intended to shoot, so I focussed up for fifteen yards. I also had the powder all ready poured out on to the flash.

There remained now nothing but to shoot. Nothing! But considering the circumstances, that was a whole lot. Feeling as though I were about to qualify for the V.C., I opened the door and stepped

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closed behind us, and we went along a dimly lit passage to another gate, where the same thing happened. Then we climbed up an iron staircase, arriving at a door with a grille through which a porter peeped to see who we were before admitting us.

We passed straight into a cloak-room. I hid my attaché-case in a lavatory, and then went to join our companions. They led us into a circular room draped in black, with little cubicles leading out of it screened by drawn curtains. The floor was full of couples dancing to muted music. The piano was muffled, so were all the other instruments of the orchestra, who were seated on a dais near the wall. The lights were shaded. Round the walls between the cubicles were little tables at which people were sitting drinking.

The clientèle was not distinguished. For the most part they were war-profiters who had bled their country while their country bled for them. There were stout old men with eyes of satyrs who had waxed fat on the troubles of the Fatherland. There were also officers of the army, lean and bullet-headed, wearing their medals, the Iron Cross conspicuous among them, in continental fashion at the waist instead of on the breast. There were ladies of all grades of virtues, alike, however, in the generosity with which they displayed their charms.

I swore softly under my breath. 'What a story! With Germany on the brink of starvation.' I felt

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back inside the dance-hall. A quick glance round showed me that the time was good. Nearly every one was dancing, rotating in slow, erotic movements to the music. Only a few were left at the tables.

I made my way through the throng to the orchestra's platform, fixed the tripod with a little bag, looked through the centre of the finder and shot. There was a terrific flash. In an instance the music stopped! The dancers came to a standstill as though they were frozen to the spot. There was silence. One could have heard the proverbial pin drop. Anything might happen. I realized that everything depended on my keeping my head, so packing up my tripod as leisurely as though I had been snapping for fun, I walked back to the table where the members of my party were now sitting in most uncomfortable silence.

A huge German detached himself from the crowd in the middle of the room and came over to us.

'Who are you?' he demanded in a rasping voice.

'Only an Englishman travelling for pleasure,' I bluffed, with a smile glued to my lips. 'Night-clubs are my hobby, you know.'

Before he could say anything another German arrived, an officer and angry. The two together do not make a pleasant combination.

'Give us the plate!' he roared; his thick bull-neck red and swollen. 'I know what you are. You are English journalists. You will give us those plates,' he stamped. 'You will.'

I lolled back in my chair. 'You can't do things like that,' I drawled. 'I'm a visitor here to-night. My camera is private property.'

Matters were yet further complicated by the arrival of still a third man. He came brandishing a revolver in the best film fashion, but far too close to my head to be comfortable for me.

To confuse the issue still more, the man who was with me seized a wine bottle, not to use it as a weapon, as I at first thought, but to throw it out of the window to attract the attention of the police in the street below.

The Germans forestalled him. A number of them leapt upon him, grabbing hold of him, and wresting the bottle from him, overpowering him by numbers.

'Don't be such all-fired asses,' I advised them quite calmly. 'If you want the plate so badly, you can have it.' As I spoke I drew the slide from the back of my camera and handed it to them. They seized it, flung it into the champagne bucket by the side of our table and ground it to pieces with an empty magnum.

That finished, we were thrown unceremoniously out of the club. We were not allowed to go and fetch our hats and coats. They were given us at the door, and a minute later we found ourselves in the street. I did my camera up again in the case without speaking, and we hailed a taxi.

Once inside, we breathed again.

'Jim,' the other fellow said, 'that's my first really big scoop. That is the stuff.'

'So it is,' I agreed.

'I wish you'd had luck too,' he sympathized.

'I had,' I said.

'What?' He whipped round on me. 'But you gave them the slide and they broke it!'

'To hell with the other slide!' I shouted, as pleased as Punch with myself, as I drew from my hip pocket a slide. 'You didn't think I'd hand over the goods so meekly, did you? I gave them an empty plate. I had the real one in my pocket all the time.'

He was so braced that he jumped up and nearly cracked his skull on the roof of the taxi, with the result that he arrived back at the hotel with blood streaming from his forehead.

We sent off our stuff to England next day by a man who was going home. The office were pleased with both our efforts. They telegraphed us their approval and wrote us a very nice letter.

But I heard later that Berlin was furious at my picture, which appeared in the *Daily Sketch*.

Although we stayed on at the Adlon, we never caught so much as a glimpse of the two girls again.

That night-club was symbolic of Berlin. It was tragic and comic in the same breath. The very air of the place made one feel that one must play the fool as a protest against the drabness of fate.

I know the atmosphere of Germany so worked upon our nerves that we simply had to be foolish at times. I remember, for instance, that one day we hired an old taxi-cab and drove through the city slowly. As we went through the Brandenburg Arch, we raised our fountain-pens at Royal salute. On another occasion in order to imitate the custom then fashionable in Berlin among the 'bloods', we had our eyes tested and measured for monocles. It was all right for the other fellow, one of whose eyes was shorter sighted than the other. For myself, with two perfectly good optics, the only thing to do was to wear a monocle of plain glass. And very difficult it was to keep the thing in.

One of the saddest experiences of our German stay was our visit to a State hospital. Our friend, the detective, engineered that for us, for it was very difficult to get in.

We knew that food was extremely scarce all over Germany, owing to its prohibitive price, but Germany, fair play, was not out to make capital from her sick people.

In order to make our welcome more assured, we went round and bought up every available tin of Nestlé milk from the grocers in the neighbourhood. We had this sent to the hospital the day before our visit in the name of the *Daily Sketch*.

The wards presented a dreadful sight. There were midget babies almost too small to be human, born of starved little mothers. The infants were

kept in glass cases, and were dying for lack of nourishment. I remember the matron, a huge creature, picked up one small atom in her hand. 'This is what you have done to the little ones of Germany,' she ranted.

Operations were hampered for lack of the proper rubber sheets. For lack of anæsthetic, there was needless hideous suffering. Lives which might have been happy and useful were being thrown away. It was perhaps the most powerful plea for peace that could ever be seen, for it showed to what an extent war spills over its horrors on to the helpless.

I shot time and again. In the name of the *Daily Sketch* we promised to do what we could in the matter of rubber sheets, and left with an uncomfortable feeling that we'd seen more than we bargained for.

When we reached the hotel, we found a telegram from Heddle waiting for us, telling us to go to Hamburg to see Dr. Stahmer. It was thought that he would probably be the next ambassador to the Court of St. James.

So we went to Hamburg and presented ourselves at Dr. Stahmer's with our credentials. A butler showed us into the library and, indicating two chairs placed in front of a desk, asked us to sit down.

We had not long to wait. Within a couple of minutes a short, grey-haired German of the best type entered, Dr. Stahmer. His face was set in hard, stern lines, his eyes so deep and piercing that they

seemed as though they could look through the person to whom their owner was speaking, and into the mind. He held the lapels of his coat in both hands, walked up to us and bowed stiffly from the waist.

We rose and did the same.

Then in German he bade us good morning, and asked us to sit down again. We did so. He too sat. Then he looked at us, waiting for us to begin the conversation.

My companion began to say his piece in English, for he knew no German. We were the representatives of the *Daily Sketch*, and we had been sent by our paper . . .

At this part Dr. Stahmer took up his pen, bent his head down and began to write, apparently taking no notice of us.

The other stammered on, though it is uphill work talking to a person who is taking no notice of you. It flashed across my mind that he might be taking it all down in shorthand, 'whatever you say may be used against you' sort of thing.

But when he came to the end of his say, the Doctor still kept on writing. For the rest there was silence in the room except for the scratching of the pen on the paper.

'You try,' my colleague muttered to me.

I stood up. 'May I be allowed to take your photograph, sir?' I asked.

He nodded, so it was clear that he wasn't deaf, and he did understand English. But he went on as

before with his writing, while I focussed. When I had everything ready I said, 'Now, sir. Perhaps you'll be so good as to look at the camera.'

Whereupon he raised his head and looked full at me as though I wasn't there. But I was, and I shot. Then he picked up his pen again and continued writing. It was one of the most awkward little meetings I have ever attended. It couldn't really have been more than a few minutes, but it seemed much more than that before Dr. Stahmer dropped his pen and stood up.

'You gentlemen,' he said, addressing us in a harsh voice as though we were erring schoolboys called up before the head master, 'are now in Germany. You will excuse me if I tell you, but here you really should speak German. When I come to England, if I come, I shall speak English. But I cannot be interviewed here in Germany in any other language than German.'

We said nothing. We were silent, for the best of all reasons. We had nothing to say.

But Dr. Stahmer had not yet finished with us. 'I have all the same one message for you,' he continued, 'one message for your paper. Germany admits that she lost the war, but she would be very pleased to know who won it.'

With that, he turned on his heel, rang the bell, bowed, and we were shown out.

In the street I wiped my brow.

'The strong man of Germany,' I said, and a

really fine story of that visit was wired home to England.

While we were in Hamburg, we visited the docks. The place was full of stuff. There were thousands and thousands of sacks of all sorts of food stuffs, wheat, corn, oatmeal, in fact every sort of grain lying about rotting, or spilling out on to the ground where rats had gnawed through the bags. There was a glut of food, all going bad.

No one could sell it, because no one could afford to buy it. It just lay there rotting while people went hungry and died for bread. It summed up Germany's tragedy in a nutshell.

I took out my camera, for the sight of a good picture is to me like the scent of drink to a drunkard. A camera-man must shoot, and I did shoot. But as I did so, I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder, the unmistakably heavy hand of the law. I turned and found that I was surrounded by police, and that we were both under arrest for taking photographs in a prohibited area.

My companion was exceedingly angry, and demanded that the British Ambassador should be communicated with at once.

The police took no notice whatever of his request, perhaps because, since he could not speak German, they could not understand what he said. But that did not stop him talking. Anyhow, they marched us through the streets to what I should think corresponds in Hamburg to the Port of London

Authority. There we were kept in custody until the Chief of the police arrived. When he came, the journalist repeated his request for the Ambassador. But I thought I knew a trick worth two of that.

I offered the Chief of police a bundle of plates. 'There!' I said. 'You can have them and destroy them. If I have done wrong, I regret it.'

At last he consented to accept the plates, destroyed them in front of me, and after a great deal of talk, not a word of which I could understand, he allowed us to go.

We did not stay long in Hamburg. I was glad enough to get away from it. It was so dreadfully, dreadfully poor. The people, young and old, looked dejected, with that bright glitter in their eyes which indicates hunger. The shopkeepers with large stores were ruined because there was no custom. Trade was at a standstill and the streets were thronging with the thin, wretched-looking prostitutes whom no one could afford to buy.

So we put copy and plates, for I had only given unused ones to the Chief of police, on to the train, in charge of some one going to England, and we went back to Berlin.

But we did not stay there long, either.

We had seen all there was to be seen by foreigners. We knew that the most poignant tragedies were those lived behind locked doors, of which the world knew nothing, and never could know.

We had enough, just a sample to show England

the result of any war, whether justified or not

Twice again I accompanied a journalist Once in Wales, the loveliest country ever, and once in Scotland

In Wales we delved into the bowels of the earth In Scotland we ventured our lives upon the sea.

We got permission to go down one of the deepest coal mines in Wales, the name of which I deliberately withhold, owing to the controversy that arose about my taking shots by flash For it was the first time that pictures had been taken in an explosive area with the new safety light, now, however, extensively used in photography This is not a naked flame, though it looks like one It is shaped like an electric bulb, and is full of magnesium foil, ignited by a two volt battery, synchronized with the camera Before permission was given me to descend the mine I had to demonstrate with the light to experts on the surface They themselves then made experiments with it, holding the light over a gas ring to see whether it would ignite the fumes Of course nothing happened, and when they were satisfied as to its safety, they gave us permission to go down

Swathed in overalls we entered a cage, and the usual trick was played on us The cage, instead of being lowered steadily as a lift, was dropped like a plummet, at the rate of fifty miles an hour We arrived at the bottom quite deaf, landing in an

uncanny silence half a mile below the surface of the ground.

Four miners, who were attached to us, led us, stooping, crawling, scrambling through the tunnels. By the dim light of the lantern given to me, I could just see the hob-nails in the boots of the man in front of me. The smell of gas was appalling. The stench intolerable. I felt sick. I was. I staggered on.

When we reached the seam at which work was in operation, it was too low to stand upright. I was near a truck. I put out my hand to feel the wall, longing for the feel of something tangible in that darkness. As I did so, I touched something, wet and sticky, but something filled with the warmth of life. It was a pit-pony, standing by a truck.

I fixed the camera. Holding my lantern to examine the lens, I found that it was wet with condensation. That meant we had to wait for three-quarters of an hour till the lens became accustomed to the atmosphere.

At the end of that time the foreman whispered to me, 'Is everything all right?' I nodded to him. 'Sure?' he insisted.

'I'm here too,' I reminded him.

He didn't seem to consider my point of view at all. 'It does not matter about you,' he told me. 'But if anything did go wrong with that light, a lot of us would go west.'

Two miners with coats in their hands held about their heads stood behind me. That, I was told, was



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in case there should be a flame which would form into a ball of blue fire. Unless beaten out, it would float about until sufficiently impregnated with air to make it explode. This sometimes happens when a man's pick strikes a spark, and if he is quick, as of course he is, he stamps it out before any harm is done.

There was a most tense moment before I shot the men at work.

Then the flare went up, and simultaneously I shot. There was absolute dead silence, followed by a sort of hum of relieved talk, for never had that mine expected to see itself by clear light.

From there, I went to the stables, wonderfully clean whitewashed place, with immaculate wood-work and stalls.

I was told that the racing instinct is so strong in the boys that they sometimes race the ponies back from the seam to the stable. Of course the way is so narrow that they cannot run abreast, but start at so many minutes' intervals and see whether the distance between them has been decreased when they reach the stable.

The riders must lie flat on their ponies backs, and leave it to them to remember any overhang of the roof or hole in the floor.

It is naturally terribly dangerous, and the authorities are dead against the practice. But boys will be boys, and that is an aspect of pit life no photographer is likely to get.

On my way back from the seam I came upon a

lunch-party. They were sitting stripped to the waist, their sweating faces blackened with grime. To them, it was amazing that any man in his sane senses should want to shoot anything so ordinary as themselves. To me, it was appalling that human beings should have to pass their days in such surroundings.

They seemed entirely unaware of any need of sympathy.

I ventured a joke and a very silly one at that, considering the Welshman's natural tendency towards religion.

'I hope you said grace before meat,' I said.

They laughed, and the echo of that laugh ran along the corridor in a way that the greatest comedian in the land would be glad to hear in response to any joke of his.

After Wales, Scotland, in search of more and yet more thrills. So we went aboard a trawler at Aberdeen one morning, to get a story, to watch them fish for one day, and to obtain good shots of the sea.

The Captain, a Yorkshire man, who was almost as broad as he was long and had green eyes, was willing for us to come, but quite certain that we were mad. I agreed with him. Frankly, I didn't like the look of the sea, and the idea of a watery grave has never appealed to me.

I discovered very soon that I was quite justified in my opinion. Almost immediately after leaving the jetty, we were in rough weather. I went up into the Captain's wheel-house, and from there got all the



THE CREW OF THE TRAWLER 'LOYAL PR'



pictures of waves I needed and a tossing into the bargain.

It was wet. It was cold. The time passed slowly. Years! Ages! Eternity! But since everything comes to him who can afford to wait, we were at last called down to the cabin for a meal.

I shall never forget the smell of that cabin. I wish I could. The odours of men, onions, tobacco, fish and engine oil all struggled to be uppermost, for that was the one room in which everybody on board lived, slept and ate.

Half the crew were asleep in bunks let into the walls like big cupboards, while the rest ate or worked. There was not much conversation. The men were too busy. The noise of the wind and of the sea beating on the deck kept up an incessant din, while the crew stoked its food quickly and hastily. Suddenly a cultivated and refined voice was heard to observe, 'Now the poems of Robert Browning can be divided roughly into three classes.'

It was, of course, the wireless, which was kept on all day for weather and shipping news which is of great value to ships at sea. But that literary talk sounded as strange and out of place in those surroundings as a winter sports discussion in the Sahara.

We had to stay with that trawler for four days. They could not get back because the weather was so bad.

During that time, neither my companion nor I washed at all, for we discovered that they used the

same water, time and again, on a filtration system, so, on the whole, we preferred to remain dirty, suffering the evils we knew to those we didn't.

We slept in those cupboards, warm from the last man who left them. We ate with the crew.

The food was good if you could once manage to stomach it, and forget the smell.

As for the Captain, he turned out to be a dour individual, as well he might be with such a life.

The only times I ever saw him unbend, and smile from ear to ear, was when the trawl came up full of fish, so full that it was shaped like a tam-o'-shanter. When it was emptied on to the deck, the Captain would tread in among the silver, squirming bodies to inspect the quality of his catch.

If there were plenty of soles, the smile grew wider, for soles meant more money.

'Come on, my lad!' he'd shout. 'What do you want for your breakfast to-day? Take your pick!'

I enjoyed the fresh fish, until one day I saw him drive his knife into the liver of a live cod, cut it out, and eat it raw. After that, I didn't eat another mouthful on that boat.

After four days of tossing about on the roughest sea I ever hope to experience, we reached Leith in the small hours of the morning, and gladly went ashore.

Here, without troubling to change, we took first-class tickets to Aberdeen, though we had some trouble in persuading the ticket-inspector to allow us

to remain on the train at all. He made certain that we were some species of tramp, bent on no good.

On our arrival at Aberdeen, we went to an hotel for bath and breakfast. I remember the waiter asked a man at the next table, 'Fish, sir?' '

'No,' the man drawled. 'I don't really care for fish.'

I do. So I ordered a large fresh sole. As I sat by a fire and waited for it to be grilled, I reflected how hard a man must work under present conditions to make a livelihood at all. There was the miner, for instance, risking his life under the most arduous conditions all of every day, for low wages, while people like you and me grumble, and rightly, too, about the cost of coal. Then there were the fisher-folk going out in all weathers, often running grave risks to ensure fresh fish for the market and a mere pittance for themselves. And, while we are about it, what about the camera-man who will never be a millionaire, but who goes everywhere the other fool goes, so that Mr. Everyman can get a vicarious thrill as he looks at the morning paper over his breakfast?

Oh, yes! The labourer is very worthy of his hire.

CHAPTER IX

BITS AND PIECES

SOMETHING for nothing is a pleasant dream which rarely comes true. This is perhaps as well. Since human nature is what it is, most of us would rather play than work.

However, to show that the age of miracles is never passed, I have at least twice earned good money for doing nothing.

The first of these very pleasant occasions was when I was on the *Daily Sketch*, and was sent to cover the annual Great Smithfield Show at the Agricultural Hall.

Cattle shows are not my idea of enjoyment. There is too much scent and pushing for my liking. But I had a busy time dashing about and shooting various champions of various classes.

At last, however, I had finished. I had got enough shots, had used all my plates, and was packing up to go home, when a stentorian bellow, which could only have issued from a human bull, inquired in my ear, 'Where art thee goin', lad?'

I whipped round and saw a farmer and a prize specimen at that. He had a huge framework of

hard brawn, a face which would have put a beetroot to shame, and hands that could have knocked out a bull with a single blow. A blind man would have guessed that he was not a Prohibitionist. A deaf man could have heard him whisper.

'Home!' I told him, picking up my camera.

'No!' He shook his head, emphasizing his point by wagging a massive forefinger at me. He led me to a stall and pointed to the biggest bullock I have ever seen, a huge tawny creature, Oxo personified, its thick neck coyly decked with red rosettes.

'Put that there camera up again,' the farmer commanded me, his eyes glowing with pride. 'That bullock of mine is the champion of all the champions.'

I was willing to admit the distinction was richly deserved, for that beast was an outsize in bullocks. But if it had been twice as large and bulky as it was, I could not have shot, for the very simple reason that I had no more plates. I explained this to the bull's owner, as clearly as I could. In fact I repeated it twice, so that there might be no mistake. But I might have been speaking to the wind for all the impression it made upon him. He just ignored me.

'I must have a picture o' him,' announced the farmer, eyeing the bull as fondly as a proud parent. 'Wait a minute, boy!' This was to me, and diving into one of his pockets, he produced a fat wad of notes.

'Take this,' he invited me, holding out a five-

pound note, 'and put that in your pocket. He's the champion of champions.'

I refused. He insisted. 'I went on refusing. He thrust the note into my pocket. My answer was to tell him in plain English that I had no plates, so I couldn't shoot.

'He's the champion of champions,' was the reply. 'Shoot away, lad.'

Words failed me. With that perfectly good fiver in my pocket I began to focus up, knowing that there could be no results. To give the farmer as much value as I could, I played about a lot, and I could have sworn that the old bull winked at me as I shot him. He couldn't possibly have had a thicker skull than his master.

Just as the camera clicked, a small voice murmured at my side, 'Do you mind if I step in on this with you, Jim?'

It came from Monty Spry, another press photographer and a good friend of mine. Monty's surname suits him down to the ground. He is a slim, pale man, with long, dark hair, and he affects an artist's floppy black bow in the place of the more usual tie.

'Certainly, Monty,' I said, with great cordiality. 'Come along! There's plenty of room for two on this.'

I thought Monty looked a little puzzled. The brotherhood of press photographers is not as a rule expansive. They certainly do not dry nurse one

another. But that evening no one could have been more helpful to Monty than I was. When he focussed up, I loaned him my flash-lamps. Then I made noises like a cow to attract the wandering attention of that champion of champions, and made myself generally useful.

The old farmer was immensely pleased. He rubbed those dinner-plate size hands together and smiled from ear to ear. But he did not give Monty another fiver.

Monty, too, was pleased with his shot and with me. 'Thanks awfully, Jim, old man, for letting me in,' he said as we left the building together.

On the bus on the way home, I was sitting on the outside seat, and handed the conductor fourpence, paying for Monty as well as for myself.

Monty's question, 'What's the idea?' shows the terms on which we generally are.

'Pure generosity!' I told him.

Monty's shot of the champion of champions was very good. I looked out for it specially. Monty, too, was pleased until the story leaked out. Then he said a whole mouthful, and he still maintains that I owe him £4 19s. 10d.

The other case of something for nothing was equally easy money.

There was a sensational divorce case on at the Courts, and I was sent to get pictures of the principal witnesses. This was before the days when the order was made that photographers should not be allowed

to shoot within the precincts of the Courts. The case was a good and juicy one, with plenty of detail and mud-slinging. Naturally the court was packed to suffocation. I left my camera outside, and managed to get in and hear some of it myself.

As soon as the court rose for the lunch interval I dashed out, seized my camera, and stood in ambush for one of the principal witnesses. He came along, very hot and bothered by his ordeal. A lady and another man, both of them 'names', were with him. I shot before any of them saw me. As soon as he caught sight of me, he put his hands before his face. Too late! The deed was done, and I was already changing the plate in readiness for another of the witnesses who was looming in the distance.

The shot man hesitated, then came up to me.

'Look here, old man!' he said, and I could see the beads of sweat on his forehead, 'be a sport and destroy that plate. I'm deadly keen that my face should not appear in the newspaper.'

'I'm very sorry, sir!' I said, and so I was. 'I can't destroy a plate. It's not my property. It belongs to my firm.'

He pulled out his wallet, and drew out a fiver.

'Take this!' he said quickly. 'I ask you to do so.'

'Nothing doing,' I told him very firmly.

He gnawed his lips, like a stage villain, and put in some overtime thinking. 'Will you ask your Editor not to use it?' he begged me. 'Please impress on

him that 'I am most anxious that it should not be used.'

'Yes! I can do that for you. But I don't want your money.'

All the same he poked that note into my hand, and before I could return it to him, he had hurried off after his companions, who were standing at the open door of a taxi, having decided, I suppose, that walking was too dangerous.

I was between the devil and the deep sea. I had the wretched money in my hand, but for what? I certainly wasn't going to destroy the plate off my own bat, and I had no illusions about the kind heart of the Illustrations Editor. All I could do was to hope for the best, which was, that the shot would not turn out well. And that, I thought, with professional pride, was not likely. My shots were generally up to scratch.

When I went back to the office, I developed that plate at once. Bad? No! I never had a clearer, neater shot. The wretched man's features were as sharp as though the photograph had been taken by Bond Street at a guinea a sitting. No one could help recognizing him.

I was sorry for him, but what could I do? So I took the plate out of the porcelain dish, and gave it to the boy to take down to the printer.

The lad was back again in a few minutes, as much abashed as a printer's boy can be, which is not saying too much.

'I'm very sorry, sir,' he said, 'but I slipped on a piece of glass and let your negative fall. It's smashed!' He held out to me the broken pieces, which he had swept up. But they were so small and jagged that I couldn't have faked a print from them if I had wanted to. I retired to the dark room and mentally wrote R.I.P. to the incident as far as that shy witness was concerned. As for myself, I had some very good lunches for weeks to come.

I could have done the hat trick on this something for nothing wicket, for Fate played into my hands again. But this time I let the chance slip.

I was sent up to Tewkesbury for a cattle show. Arriving the night before, I found the little town so crammed full of enthusiasts that there was not a bed to be had in any of the hotels. I also drew a blank at all the private boarding-houses. So I got into my car, and drove out of Tewkesbury, looking for somewhere to stay a few miles outside the town.

I came at last to a small public-house, standing alone on the river, a very charming spot, but lonely. I remember thinking that it must draw its custom from a wide area, for there was not another house in sight.

I turned in for a drink. The bar was empty and the landlord was a stout, comfortable fellow. Over a Guinness I complained to him that Tewkesbury was too small.

'I can't even get a bed there,' I said. 'Where do you advise me to go?'

He gave the question due consideration, looking me up and down all the while, and apparently decided that I came up to sample and could be admitted without danger.

'I've an empty room at the top of the house,' he said slowly. 'It's only an attic, but it's clean. I slept there myself last night. You can have it for the night for half-a-crown.'

I jumped at the offer. The place seemed clean, and I thought one might go farther and fare worse. Besides, I was sleepy. While I was fumbling for the money to pay beforehand, since he knew nothing of me, he told me that breakfast would be a shilling extra. I accepted even that extra expense. I thought my firm could stand up to it.

I had another Guinness, listened to the landlord's stories of people and places, and went up a creaking stairs and so to bed by candlelight at about half-past eleven.

The room, as the landlord had said, was an attic, with a skylight in the sloping roof through which I could see the stars. There was no furniture of any sort except the bed, under which was a large black box, the kind that lawyers use for keeping deeds, but much bigger.

I undressed, blew out the candle, and jumped into bed.

But I did not sleep. The wind moaned, the moonlight threw a shaft of bright light on to the floor and then, my mind began to work. What

was in that box? Did I smell some strange, unpleasant odour? Had I stepped into a tragedy? Was I the hero of one of those strange plots with which the brains of novelists are so fertile? Was truth going to be stranger than any fiction? And if so, what was I going to do? . . .

I've always found that it's far better to know the worst than to imagine. I knew I had to open that box, though I hated the idea of what I might find inside. But after a lot of hesitation I got out of bed, lit the candle again, and pulled the box out into the middle of the room. With cold, trembling fingers I tried the lid. It was not locked. It opened at a touch because it was so full to the brim of . . . gold sovereigns! As I looked at them I gasped with amazement and relief. I touched them gingerly to make sure that I was not dreaming. No! They were real enough. I tested one with my teeth. I span it on the floor. Then I put it back into the box, closed the lid, and pushed the box back to its original place.

There was no sleep for me that night. Relieved on one score, I was alarmed on another. I made sure that I had walked unsuspectingly into some trap, and I lay still waiting for the arrival of the police. As the hours passed I wondered whether I ought to get up and go and report the matter to the authorities. But what was I going to say? For after all, however strange a habit it may be to keep large quantities of gold under the bed in an attic, it does

not constitute a crime. My thoughts shot this way and that fantastically. I've rarely been more uncomfortable.

About five o'clock in the morning, just as it was growing light, there was a huge bang on the door. 'The police!' I thought as I reared my head from the pillow.

But in answer to my 'Come in!' it was the landlord who entered, wearing an old-fashioned long white night-shirt reaching nearly to his ankles.

'Are you awake?' He crossed the room in a couple of strides, and without waiting for a reply, made a dive for that box under the bed.

'I left my black box here,' he explained, dragging it into the middle of the room.

'Well! Take it away!' I mumbled, pretending to be sleepy. 'Whatever time is it?'

The old boy chuckled appreciatively and squatted down on his haunches. 'Wake up! It's one of the best sights you have ever seen,' he said as he opened the box. 'It's all my life savings.' He picked up the money and let it trickle through his fingers, loving its feel and colour. 'Look what you might have got away with if you'd only known'

I did not dispute that. 'Surely a queer place to leave it,' I ventured to comment.

'It clean slipped my memory,' he confessed 'I am taking it to the bank to-day. I slept with it here the night before, and when I found that I had left it here with you, I have been up and down stairs all

night with my ear to the door. But I thought as I'd let you sleep.'

After he had gone off with his precious box I got up, early though it was. In spite of the fact of all that gold in the house the landlord seemed quite willing to take a silver shilling for my breakfast.

I had another sleepless night at Nottingham, but from another cause.

I went there because Their Majesties the King and Queen were going to lay a foundation stone of the new Town Hall in the Square. This was festooned with flags and bunting and looked appropriately gay.

Battalions of press photographers were there and we all put up at the same hotel, the Black Boy, which is on the Square. The room allotted to me was a small front one, though right at the top of the house.

When press photographers forgather there is invariably a good deal of horse-play, and many an elbow is raised high and often. Our jokes tend to be of the practical variety. That night was no exception to the rule. It was, in fact, a wow; and I had my share of the fun.

So when I went to bed, turned out the light, and was just dropping off to sleep, I was not really surprised nor alarmed to feel the bottom of the bed raised slowly from the floor, then lowered again with a little bump.

The boys were up to their old tricks. I tumbled to it at once! I also tumbled out of bed.

'Out you come,' I roared, switching on the light and waiting for the culprits to emerge from their hiding place. But I spoke to empty air. The boys were not there. Nor was any one else. The room was empty except for myself. Feeling rather foolish, I went back again to bed. But as I was dropping off for the second time, the foot of the bed again rose and again fell.

'It's not true. I don't believe it,' I said aloud, trying to convince myself by much speaking.

But the trouble was that it was true and I knew it. I got in and out of bed a dozen times, having as much exercise as a hurdler. The bed did move. Finally I decided to lie down and let the thing do its damndest. But I was not happy. In my mind I signed the pledge and a dreary vista of thirsty life stretched ahead of me. The next minute the bed heaved, and I was convinced that this decision had come too late in life. It was not the bed that was moving, it was my deceased imagination, and this was the beginning of paralysis. All of a sudden I developed an ardent belief in the existence of ghosts. My hair stood upright on my head as the bed gave an extra high heave, and my teeth chattered as I listened to the moaning of the wind, and I thought of the disembodied ghosts walking abroad and coming in out of night to share the room with me. But why with me, of all people?

Presently the bed grew quieter. Perhaps as it grew near cock-crow the ghosts returned to their

place, wherever that may be. The wind dropped with the dawn. The clang of milk-cans restored my sense of reality. Yet the whole thing was too eerie for sleep, and before seven I was up. I flung back the heavy curtains shrouding the window, and looked out. As I did so, I saw that a huge scaffolding-pole was tied to the foot of the bed and protruded through the window.

At the end of that pole was hung one of the largest Union Jacks I ever saw.

In that instant the mystery was explained. When the wind blew the flag swayed, the weight of it lifting my bed. I wonder whether most ghostly phenomena have some such simple explanation.

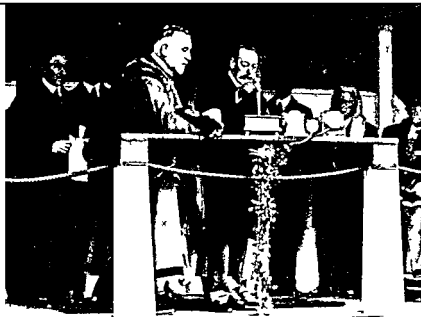
I felt badly cheated out of a night's rest, but since it was too late to go back to bed, I consoled myself with an extra large breakfast.

I was in trouble again next time I went to shoot the King at a public performance. This time the cause of the disturbance was quite definitely man, not spirit.

We had all been sent up to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where His Majesty was going to open a new bridge across the river.

The arrangements were that a dais was placed on the approach to the bridge. Standing there, His Majesty was to press a button and the bridge was thereafter opened.

The press photographers were given a very good position only about seven yards away from the King.



THE KING OPENING NEWCASTLE BRIDGE



We were all there in a group. I was in the front rank, a strategical place won by merit of waiting and scheming. Next to me was the King's detective, whom I knew, Mr., now Superintendent, Cole. We were chatting together quietly before the ceremony, and when the King appeared I set my camera and released the shutter. Good! I spoke too soon, for at that moment I received a heavy blow between the shoulders. For one mad instant I thought I had been shot in the back.

I whipped round and saw that my assailant had been another press photographer, a huge fellow about six feet high. Somehow or other, quite unintentionally, I had blocked his view.

'What the devil . . .' I began, livid with fury, for that blow had hurt. It was also quite unprovoked, and I have my own views about being hit.

'Quiet, gentlemen!' The detective called me to order. 'Remember the King!'

The other photographers walked away, but when the King had passed I turned to the detective. 'Did you see that?' I stammered, blazing with anger, for though fights are not unknown among camera-men, no one had ever hit me before, perhaps because of my great strength. To make matters all the worse, every one anywhere near had seen that blow.

Our train was due to leave the station at four o'clock. We were all going back by it, so the other fellow was certain to travel on it too. I rushed off

to the station, still at boiling point, and went straight to the place where I was likeliest to find him, in the buffet.

Sure enough, there he was, with one foot on a chair and a cup and saucer in his hand, holding the floor.

I walked up to him, and with my left hand swept that cup and its contents over the counter. It fell with a crash of broken china. A waitress gave a cry. Every one turned. I was too angry to care. With my right hand I caught him by the collar and tie, pulled him into the middle of the floor, and slapped his face for him, hard.

Then I threw him down, not too gently. He sprang up and took a running kick at me, a present which I caught on the knee. He next closed with me and tried to bite me.

At that I saw red. I hit out three times with my right hand. The third time I felt something like six foot of deflated tubing collapse over me. As he slipped to the floor I saw his large, cod-fish eyes, and for a minute I had an awful thought that he had gone cracker, to use a professional term.

The door was thronged with pop-eyed porters, and a crowd of onlookers and backers pressed round us. The waitresses screamed in chorus. The photographers made themselves scarce. So did I. I boarded the train, conscious of a deed well done. When I reached London I heard that my sparring partner was also on the train, helped thereto by

some compassionate porter I did not see him Nor did Fleet Street either for the next fortnight And now whenever we do meet, he does not see me

But there was a man who slapped my face for me and got away with it He was Hewitt, of the *Daily Mirror*, a slim, dapper fellow, well bred and well dressed, far too dainty for the rough and tumble of a press photographer's life

He was the most loveable fellow in the world, dogged by ill health all his days, and goaded by a really fiendish temper Both were very severe handicaps in his profession, where placidity is half the game, and good health the other half

One day there was some ceremonial or other to take place in the yard of the War Office I found that a pair of steps would be necessary for elevation if one was to get a decent view

So I went off to the Office of Works, found a pair of steps there, carted them round to where I wanted them, and put them into position

I turned away for half a minute to pick up my camera from the ground, and when I looked round again, there was Hewitt, perched on the top

'Come on down, Hewitt, old chap,' I said 'These are my steps I've walked miles with the things on my shoulders'

'I shall certainly not come down!' Hewitt replied, as brave as a lion 'I should not think of it'

'If you don't, I'll pull you down,' I warned him

Hewitt turned to me with a face full of fury

'You'll do nothing of the sort,' he told me, as though he was a master speaking to a member of the Infant School.

I hadn't any more time to waste arguing with him. I began to shake the steps so that he could not shoot.

'I'll murder you if you don't go away and leave me alone,' he shouted angrily.

Time was short. I pulled those steps towards me. Hewitt slipped off them on to my back, and made a perfect landing.

Then he danced up to me, flicking his moustache with his finger, a sure sign of temper, and gave me three slaps on the face, saying between each one, 'Don't you ever do that again.'

I let him do it. I would as soon have hit a woman as Hewitt. He was such a frail sort of fellow. So instead I climbed to the top of the ladder, took my shot, and then shot again, for Hewitt.

I gave the plate to him as soon as I came down.

'I've taken a shot for you too,' I told him.

'That's very nice of you, Jarché.' He took the plate from my hand quickly. 'Thank you, but you're very vulgar.'

The second time I saw Hewitt fight was when a whole lot of us were out on a job, at Weymouth, I think. Herbert Baldwin was one of the company. He was another little fellow, with a broad, north-country accent. He was attached to the *Central News*, and was a first-class photographer.

We were, as usual, all staying in the same hotel,

and about a dozen of us were sitting at breakfast when Hewitt entered the room.

'Good morning, brethren!' He gave us his usual greeting. 'Good morning, gentlemen! I hope you all slept well.'

He stepped into a seat and a waiter came to ask what he would like. He ordered a kipper, giving minute instructions that he liked it done in butter, and well done. Then he left the place at table which he had taken, and went away to fetch his camera.

While he was away the kipper arrived, and on the heels of it, so to speak, Herbert Baldwin, bursting with vim and vigour.

He came. He saw. The kipper conquered. In a word, he sat down in Hewitt's place, and started to, in his own phraseology, 'mak' a mooock of it'.

A minute or two later, while Baldwin was still enjoying himself, Hewitt came back. He flicked that little moustache dangerously, and asked in a thin, reedy voice, 'Did you know that was my kipper, Baldwin?'

Baldwin grinned. 'There's mony a better fush in the sea, mon,' he replied.

The answer enraged Hewitt. He seized the plate with the mutilated kipper on it. 'You shan't eat it!' he screamed. 'I'd rather have you die first than eat my kipper,' and with that he brought the plate down on Baldwin's head with a crash and rubbed the kipper on to the hair.

We separated them. It was like pulling two bantam cocks away from one another, and they sat one at each end of the table to finish their meal.

One of the best characteristics of my profession is the entire absence of rancour. While on the job we quarrel, fight, push, straining every nerve to beat an opponent by fair means or foul. Afterwards any little trouble is entirely forgotten.

There was a big Society wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster. I had a good place, a perfect position, but I found that as the time drew near for the bride and bridegroom to come out, I was being squeezed to the left by the others to a place where I shouldn't be able to get a shot at all. I didn't say anything. But in the firm belief that actions speak louder than words, just before the bride and bridegroom reached the five-yard limit, which is a usual distance for a shot, I pushed with all my weight to the right, a long push, a strong and sudden one too. The result was that five perfectly good press photographers went sprawling to the ground, taken unawares, while I shot.

After the bride had passed the language that those men used to me would have blistered an iceberg.

Touching another man's camera is taboo. I once left my camera in the winter-garden of an hotel where a lot of us had gone to shoot some film stars, and one of the fellows hid it in a flower-pot. I lost the picture, and if I had cared to report him I could have got him the sack. Instead I returned

good for evil When he was going north on some job, I filled his case with cutlery, knives, forks, spoons and a really jolly number of table napkin rings

He must have lugged half a hundredweight of cutlery about with him on a long trek But perhaps he'll know better than to touch a man's camera again

There was a well known case on Fleet Street where two photographers 'clashed seriously because they were both courting the same girl This was in the old Whitefriars Street days, and both of the men worked for Warhurst on the World's Graphic Press

The girl went out with both of them, never divulging to either of them the existence of the other But the secret leaked out, and there was very nearly a tragedy I narrowly escaped receiving the magazine of 880° of ammonia with which the defeated lover was waiting at the top of the stairs to hurl at the head of the victor

It would have meant death to the man who received that, and to all of us, suffocation But Mr Warhurst dragged the man away and locked him in a dark room, to cool his heels For some time there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth; but by now the two are the best of friends again and all is well

On the whole we all have to be a very friendly crowd We find ourselves together, in queer situations, such as I imagine never occur in the lives of the ordinary business man

I remember, for instance, one day Maurice Fageance, who was a star reporter on the *Daily Herald*, was sent with me up to Birmingham. The paper had been running a Band Contest Competition. A list of well-known tunes was given in the paper, and the public was invited to place them in order of popularity. The first prize winner was a man living in Birmingham. To him there fell the pleasant little windfall of £10,000. The second prize winner, who received £500, also came from the same locality. The letters announcing to these lucky persons their great good fortune had been posted overnight. We two were sent to be on the spot when the postman arrived, and while I was to shoot the recipient registering varying emotions of joy, and surprise, Maurice was to write up the story.

We slept in Birmingham, so as to be on the spot in good time, and arrived early at the house of the first prize winner. It was a fine middle-class residence, in a wealthy suburb, an honest-to-glory Snob's Alley, if there ever was one.

We were both rather sorry about this, as we should have liked a poor man to win such a substantial prize. Money evidently was not needed here. Though it was only about half-past seven we knocked at the door. A maid half opened it on the chain to us, and looked at us with the gravest mistrust. She told us that her master and mistress were not yet down. Eight o'clock, she said, was their breakfast hour.

We pressed our point.

'It's a rather important matter. Would you please tell them we are here,' I urged: 'We are from the *Daily Herald*.'

After a great deal of palaver, she was persuaded to get her mistress to come down in a dressing-gown.

'Your husband has won a prize in the *Daily Herald* competition, madam,' we told her.

'Oh, has he!' She was as cool as an ice-chest. There was not a ripple of excitement in her face. She did not ask how much, nor what for, nor show any interest.

There was nothing else to be done, so we went away, feeling that this particular champagne was very flat. When we did come back we were met—I carefully avoid using the word welcomed—by a well-dressed, prosperous business man, who opened fire by saying, 'I hear I have won a prize. How much is it?'

'Only £10,000,' I drawled.

That astonished him, but he would not own it, nor show any actual pleasure.

'That's useful!' was his comment. 'I'll take a holiday. I've been troubled with sciatica.' And he motioned us to the door.

It was on the tip of my tongue to say that I hoped he would keep his sciatica long as a memento, but on second thoughts I was wiser.

'My Editor requires some photographs of you,' I said shortly. 'That's why I'm here. The postman

will be here soon. I should like to shoot the post-man handing you the letter, for instance.'

'Nothing of the sort.' He was up in the air at once. 'I don't even take the *Daily Herald*. I found a copy lying about and went in for the competition. I may take it now. I don't promise. But I'll allow no photographs.'

'The Editor's decision is final,' I reminded him. 'No photograph, no cheque. Naturally the public wants to know who won, and to whom we are paying the money.'

After a great fuss and bother, he allowed us to snap. While we were doing it the maid brought in tea, one cup for her master.

'Perhaps you'd like a cup of tea,' he suggested.

'How kind of you!' we said in chorus, but we did not stay to have it. We did not like him enough to eat his salt. So we left him to get on with it, and after a good breakfast at an hotel, 'to take the taste away', we went out to see the second prize winner.

He was a metal-worker in a working-class neighbourhood. His home was small, his wife humble, and elderly.

Our reception here was very different. For when we told her that her husband had won a prize, she became immediately very excited.

'How much?' she cried. 'Is it £10?' We shook our heads, but she smiled. 'It couldn't be twenty!' she argued, for the sum was evidently too big to visualize.

We led her up and up, incredulous and trembling, but when at last we told her that the prize was £500, she swayed, grew very pale and burst into tears. Her husband was, of course, out at work, so we had to wait till he came home for his midday meal. During this time she made us tea, and offered us the best of everything she had in the house. On his arrival there was more excitement, kisses, tears of joy, and endless plans for the future. I snapped them as much as I wanted to. The story they told was one of courageous fighting against odds, and finally we left behind us two very happy people.

A whole crowd of us were sent down for the Pace affair in the Forest of Dean, when the woman, Mrs. Pace, stood on trial for her life, accused of the murder of her husband.

I was not there for the actual trial, but for the proceedings in the magistrate's court.

The little town, Coleford, where we put up, is not exactly an exciting place. Therefore when we heard that there was a strong skittle-club in a village a few miles away, we decided to go over and challenge them.

We hiked over one evening after dinner, and found that the club, hitherto unbeaten, was held at the local public-house, and that there was a perfect skittle-alley there. It was not club-night, so a message was sent round, summoning them to battle. To fill up the time till they all arrived, we staged a concert. There was a piano there; one of our crowd had a

ukulele, and I sang Pagliacci's 'On with the Motley'. Some one else obliged with 'Because', and a man was found brave enough to recite.

By this time the team had arrived, so we began the real business of the evening, skittles. We were in terrific form, knocked them skew ways, and they very handsomely stood us drinks.

It was nearly midnight when we left. We lined up in single file, the leading man had the ukulele. He had to thrum it quietly because it was late and the village children were asleep.

We did not speak a word. The silent night was broken only by our tramp, tramp. Suddenly, smothering the sound of the ukulele, we saw a light in the window.

'Halt!' I said. 'Left turn.'

A head poked through the window.

'Put that light out!' I commanded, and out the light went. We repeated that at every light we saw all the way over those four miles to Coleford. As we turned the corner of the hotel, we came upon a police-constable standing in the middle of the street.

'What do you think you're doing?' he inquired.

'Get out of the way, Constable,' said I. 'Don't impede the march of the phantom army.'

'Oh!' he sighed in a relieved way. 'You're only the newspaper fellows.'

The Forest of Dean is a superstitious spot where myths die hard, so I have no doubt that the march

of that ghostly army is still told and retold on dark nights round the fireside

Talking of spirits, I once tried to shoot a spirit at the Albert Hall. There was a much advertised meeting, where an empty chair was to be left for the spirit of Conan Doyle, which was to come back and address the meeting. But apparently the spirit could not arrive in the light, so the place had to be plunged into darkness. Under this cover, it was hoped that the spirit would tell of unseen things and life beyond the grave. No flash lamps were to be allowed for photography, but I went armed with one nevertheless, determined that at the first sound of a voice I would shoot. In this case I would either get a spirit photograph or expose a fake. In either case it looked like being a scoop.

Before the meeting I shot the empty chair, and Lady Conan Doyle, but when the lights went down, although the meeting was tense with expectation nothing happened, and that was that.

Queerly enough, I did once manage to get a spook picture without trying.

Before the 1934 Derby, I went on the Downs and took a wonderful shot of the gipsy encampments. I made friends with a family of gipsies, who let me take their photos and the picture of their caravans against the darkening sky. The setting was really marvellous, but the romance was a little spoiled for me by seeing behind the brightly painted caravans and the tethered piebald ponies, their modern and

sometimes costly cars, in which they had travelled to the Downs to play their part.

The picture appeared as a half-page of the *Herald*, and almost immediately we began to receive letters pointing out that if the pictures were turned sideways, there could be seen a very clear photograph of Gipsy Lee with a bandeau round her head. By the way, she predicted before her death that a horse would win the Derby with a 'W' in the first word of his name. Windsor Lad romped home.

I wish I had heard of this prophecy earlier, for I went home £5 the poorer, while some bookie had £5 more in his pocket.

CHAPTER X

POT SHOTS ON THE STREET

HANNEN SWAFFER would probably say that his greatest claim to fame lies in the fact of his being a Kentish man or maybe it is a man of Kent. I know there is some vital difference between the two, but I can never remember what it is.

Personally, I think, and there are a large number of people who share the opinion with me, that Hannen Swaffer's name will live long on Fleet Street, because he did more for press photography than any man living. He raised it from a humble trade and put it among the arts, making it an integral part, and not the smallest part either, of the modern newspaper.

In fact it was Swaffer who really started picture editing, and sent men all over the world in search of pictures—to Delhi for the Durbar, for instance. Such a thing had never been dreamt of before his time.

He had a great belief in large photographs, a passionate trust in squares and oblongs for effect. He hated fancy cuts, thinking that they brought the dignity of photography down to the level of the chocolate-box cover.

Big pictures spreading over half a page! This was his ideal. 'Follow the lines of the great painters,' he used to thunder at us. Another of his clichés was, 'A fellow with a big picture can kid any Art Editor.' Then after a pause, he would add with a sniff, 'But he can't kid me.'

Tall and gaunt, he ruled my destinies and those of the *Daily Graphic* and *Daily Sketch* for many years.

He had such an unerring flair for the right thing, in the way of news illustration, that when agencies used to send him round a batch of pictures, he would look through them as quickly as though shuffling a pack of cards, and generally reject them all. For he was so full of his own ideas that we were never short of shots. If there was nothing happening, he arranged matters so as to get a picture.

I remember one day when the news was negligible and London empty, except for the six or seven million people who don't count, Swaffer said to me, 'Well, Jim! Do you know anything?'

I said 'No', waiting for the announcement of some really big event which I had missed. It didn't come. His next words astonished me, and I had thought I was incapable of being surprised about anything Swaffer said or did.

'They've opened a Mac Fisheries in Bond Street,' he announced ponderously.

I didn't ask him what was the point. He always hated that. He liked a man to be able to follow his

line of country and see what was coming. So far, however, I was completely in the dark.

He must have seen this, for the next minute he deigned to enlighten me as to what was in his mind.

'Go to Bond Street with a camera,' he said in a deep voice. 'Go to the Mac Fisheries. Ask them for a tortoise.' Put it down on the pavement and see what happens.'

I have no greater love of making a fool of myself than the next fellow, but there never was any arguing with Swaffer. If you couldn't get on with what he wanted, get out. That was his invariable rule.

So I went along to Bond Street, and went into the Mac Fisheries there.

'Have you got a tortoise?' I inquired of the man in charge. 'Preferably a large one.'

He assured me that he had the very thing for me, and he brought me out a real beauty, a fine fellow. Without being asked he quoted a price for it.

'I don't want to buy the old chap,' I explained. 'I only want the loan of him to take him for a walk with me.'

At first he thought that I was a mental case, but when I told him who I was and why I wanted it, he lent that tortoise to me on condition that I didn't let any harm come to it.

So out we went into the sunshine of Bond Street, the tortoise and I. I walked along for a short way with that tortoise under my arm, showing less emotion than I thought any creature could show.

Then in one of those quiet spells which occur in every street, I put the old boy down on the pavement and pussy-footed across the road, taking up a strategic position where I could see him and keep an eye on him.

The first person to come along was a page-boy from the Ritz, with his pill-box hat on the side of his head. He was whistling cheerily, but he stopped as though he had swallowed something hot at the sight of the tortoise, and I could see him disbelieving the sight of his eyes.

When he was sure it was real he stooped down and touched its back. Next he straightened himself for thought. In all his pagely duties this had never happened to him.

He had his finger to his chin in an old-fashioned attitude of consideration, and I shot the marvel of any boy trying to think. But when he bent down to pick up the tortoise and carry it away, I stopped him. We had only just begun our fun and games, that tortoise and I.

A police-constable came along next, with his well-known slow and heavy gait. He came nearer and nearer, an official Johnny-Head-in-Air, not looking under his feet. I trembled. One step more and he would step on the tortoise. In my mind's eye I could see him going for a long ride, and then sitting down on what had once been a tortoise. At the last moment he saw it, reined himself in just in time and peered down at it, suspecting anything out of the

usual rut. I immediately shot, and came forward to claim my property.

'Don't leave it about!' he ordered me sharply, though there is no law against taking a tortoise for a walk. So I picked it up, for the moment, and he passed on, doubtless reflecting that a policeman's life is not a happy one.

As soon as he had gone on his way, I put the tortoise down again. A minute or two later, a lady came along, the smartest, latest up-to-date person. She saw it, and did a perfect hurdle, a thing which she had never expected to do again. That was another shot for me.

After that fun came thick and fast in the persons of two Grenadier Guardsmen in civvies, sporting the old school tie, eh' what? They passed, then they turned and came back. I shot their bewildered expressions.

As soon as they passed a fine old colonel of the Die-Hard School kicked it testily out of his way. His language was real education. By this time the tortoise had grown tired of the pavement so he made for the kerb, and disappeared over the edge, and with a bang a bus-driver had to draw up with the jarring of brakes so as not to run over him. He made some remark to me in really excellent ruddy language.

I thought we had enough, so I picked up the tortoise and carried him back to the shop, with the equivalent of 'Little man, you've had a busy day'.

I went back to the office with the shots and developed them. The prints came out all right, but I still had the feeling that they were inconsiderable. 'Nothing doing, I'm afraid,' I said as I handed them to Swaffer.

The next day he sent for me. He was sitting at the table with the *Daily Graphic* open before him at the centre page. 'There you are, Jim!' he said. 'Nothing doing, eh?' and he pointed to the strip at the top, showing the adventures of the tortoise.

They made a very amusing and taking picture.

Swaffer contrived to get another good picture out of precisely nothing.

On the morning of Derby Day he said to me, 'Jim, get a camera and get a flash and get a taxi.' He added as an afterthought, 'Tell me when the taxi comes.'

Having carried out all these instructions we drove off together to the Embassy Club, where Luigi was manager, and where it was the custom for the bright young things to meet on that day.

There was a telephone booth in the foyer, not far from the restaurant door.

Swaffer told me to focus my camera on the telephone and to shoot whenever he snapped his fingers. He then went to talk to Luigi, who was standing at the restaurant door.

The first person to appear was Leslie Henson, in a hurry. Swaffer snapped. He went to the tele-

phone and called a number, I clicked and quickly reloaded

A few minutes later a lady tripped out of the restaurant. She was Miss Fay Compton. She went into the telephone booth and again at Swaffer's sign I clicked.

In all I shot eight different people speaking on the phone, and then we went away, my mind as innocent of what Swaffer was up to as when we started.

But next day I understood, for they were all on the front page of the *Daily Graphic*, together with the pictures of the horses they had backed for the Derby. In the middle, was the photograph of the only one who had backed the winner, an outsider. The idea was ingenious, and the pictures made a good spread.

Thanks to Swaffer's fertile brain, I got a very wonderful picture of Dame Sybil Thorndike when she was playing in the *Cenci*. In the first place I took a close-up picture of her in the mad scene, showing a big head, the face racked with emotion. Then exposing the same plate, I shot the scene of the mad women in white, waving their arms.

It was a most effective shot, giving a terribly vivid picture of a mind distraught.

I once went on a tour of the east coast towns with Swaffer. While he dived into the mind of the great British Public, trying to find what, if anything they thought about on holiday, I was there to shoot them as they enjoyed themselves.

Before starting I prepared myself with some ready

money, for cash meant nothing whatever to Swaffer. I have seen him pull out of his pocket a handkerchief, and at the same time scatter money and notes on to the floor. I have handed a pound or ten-shilling note back to him many a time, only to see him stuff it back where it came from.

This attitude always struck me as very careless, perhaps because I found money harder to come by than he did. I could see that under these circumstances, we might very easily run short unless I made provision.

Swaffer's luggage on this occasion was the smallest grip imaginable, and a large, round wooden box full of good cigars.

He did not include a note-case, but that little omission worried him not at all. He left me to pay everything, and I got my expenses back out of the accounts department on our return.

Swaffer always says now that there is no more enterprise left in camera-men, and that press photography as an art is dead. I don't believe that, but I do believe he sometimes wishes that he were back as an Art Editor instead of being merely a very successful journalist.

Just how successful he is nobody knows. Certainly Swaffer doesn't. He can't. To this day he never has a cent on him, anyhow.

T. W. H. Crossland, on the other hand, cared a great deal for the money he had not got. He had made a fortune at one time or another by gambling

at Monte Carlo, but he lost every penny of it. He was, as all the world knows, a genius of the first water with whom it was quite impossible for any one to work.

When I knew him, he used to be sitting always in the same chair, having a glass of beer with bread and cheese in the Two Brewers in Shoe Lane. Whenever he was in funds, he would treat the world, but he had a great idea that it was, on Fleet Street at any rate, a great mistake to show any signs of a prosperity greater than that of one's fellows.

He said to me one day, 'Jim, I believe you've got a car.'

I had, and I was very proud of the fact. I told him so.

'You won't get rid of it, but never drive up to the office in it,' he advised me. 'If you do, you'll get the sack.'

He was quite right. Within a short time I was fired from the *Daily Sketch*. They said they were overstaffed and that the youngest members had to go. To soften the blow, I was told that I could work as a free-lance, sending in shots to them for publication. If used, they would be paid for at the rate of half-a-guinea a time.

I got busy; I had to, for not only was I married by this time, but had given a hostage to fortune. Besides, that week any photographer with eyes in his head simply could not go wrong. It was the eve of the Derby. The King and Queen of Norway

were in town. London was full of news, and I of energy.

I shot from morning to night, and everything I submitted was used. The first week I had earned £30. I put in my bill, but did not draw the money. The second week I put in for £26. Nothing happened, not even payment, and then I was sent for by the Editor, who was sitting with the two accounts before him on the table.

'What's the meaning of this?' he inquired.

'My accounts, sir,' I said. 'You told me I could send in pictures and that you would pay for them.'

'Did you find all these stories yourself?' he asked. Then when I had said that I had done so, he passed the slips for payment, remarking as he dismissed me, 'You're back on the staff on Monday, at £4 10s. a week!'

So that was the price of enterprise! But I was glad to go, playing for safety, and in future I always left that offending little bus at home. Crossland could give good advice to others, but he could not follow it himself. He died penniless, with a roulette table beside him and his bed littered with scraps of paper, containing notes for his infallible system of making money at the tables.

Another man who will presumably die without money, because he does not care a pin's head whether he has it or not, is Aircraftsman Shaw, otherwise Lawrence of Arabia.

He was down at Calshot near Southampton for

the Schneider Trophy Race, where, our team was stationed. It was most carefully selected and trained to the last ounce of endurance and skill, putting in weeks of strenuous practice. The only competitors besides ourselves were the Italians.

Since the training and practice spread over several weeks, the press photographers, and I among them, were down there some time. Robertson, whom we all call Robbie, the Publicity Chief of the Air Ministry, sent for the photographers on the first day.

He said he wanted us to give him our definite assurance that we would one and all leave Aircraftsman Shaw alone. Robbie admitted that Shaw was always a first class news story, but he wanted nothing of life except to be left alone, to live it on his own lines, and Robbie ended up his little homily by asking us to respect this great, though distressing, desire for privacy.

We all promised. Aircraftsman Shaw was to be immune from our attentions.

So he was, for a time. But he was a tremendous temptation to us. To begin with, he was always about with people who were themselves notable in Society and the Air Force. The disguise of the mechanic was very thin, and no one would possibly mistake the fair, unconcerned man, who walked through us as though we were made of thin air, for anything but a personage. One day Aircraftsman Shaw was standing talking to Lord Thom

son, who soon afterwards met his death in the destruction of the ill-fated R101.

They were in front of one of the Italian racing-planes which was out for trial. They were keenly interested. Aircraftsman Shaw gesticulated, talking with animation. He would have made an ideal picture.

All the photographers were in a bunch, at a distance of about fifteen yards. We were all a little restless, for this was a picture of value in any newspaper office, and our fingers were itching to shoot.

Suddenly there was a cough, not quite loud enough to cover the sharp, metallic click as a shutter fell.

Even without hearing the click, we should all have recognized that cough. It used often to be heard in police courts before the regulations forbidding photographs were tightened up, while at the Conferences at Spa and Versailles, the whole of the Press seemed to be racked with churchyard spasms.

On this occasion, that cough seemed to be infectious, for there was immediately a perfect epidemic of coughing. Promises were thrown to the winds now. Our word was worthless as soon as one of us had broken it, and if one man was going to have that picture, we all were. So Aircraftsman Shaw was shot at from all angles.

The photographs appeared all over the world, and Robbie never said a word to any of us. Perhaps he realized that it is as hopeless to ask the leopard



to change his spots as to expect a press photographer to keep his fingers still in the presence of a good shot

I had an amusing experience on the actual day of the race. After the victory of the British team, we all wanted to take their photographs in a group. So we asked Robbie to fix the team for us. He consented to this but when they came out they were all dead serious. Rumour said that they had received instructions not to smile, in case it should be mistaken by touchy people abroad for the smile of triumph, and the boastfulness of the masters of the air.

Be that as it may, the British team stood in a group as stolid as wood and as solemn as funeral mutes.

There were the usual cries of 'Smile, gentlemen, please!' and 'Let's see your teeth sirs!' and all the futile remarks we make on these occasions, trying to make people look natural.

It was no use. They refused to relax. Their jaws were firmly fixed and they looked very grim. There was less than no point in shooting them like that.

While we waited, a small Italian photographer, who had come over a day or two before, set himself down firmly in front of me, completely spoiling my view.

'Hallo!' I said. 'Wait a minute, old man. You can't stay there. You're in my way.'

* He spoke bad English, but he managed to let me

understand that he wouldn't move, not on any account. Nor did he. It seemed to me a bit hard to have my picture spoiled by a little upstart who didn't know the rules of the game. But since he was an Italian, I treated him more gently than if he had been one of us. 'Hi, there! Come out of it,' I said, still quite good-tempered. 'Not a bit! He dug his heels in and refused to move.'

At that I put my hand on his shoulder, meaning to pull him back. But he struggled, lost his footing, and tripped over another photographer who was kneeling, balancing his camera on his knee. There were cries and cursing from both of them, and as the Englishman struggled, the little Italian disappeared backwards from the circle in a complete somersault.

This was too much for the British team.

A tooth-paste advertisement smile rippled over their faces. Then they laughed, and as they did so every camera clicked.

The incident ended here for the public. But not for me. When the British team had dispersed, and the other photographers had moved away, I found a small Italian fury prancing on his toes up to me, and hitting me repeatedly on the face.

I could have easily broken him across my knee, but how could I make a fool of myself fighting a man not half my weight? So I just held him off. If I could, I would have given him a plate, but I hadn't a spare one, so I could not take a second shot. He positively wept with fury.

'You waita tilla you coma to Roma,' he sobbed, white with passion. 'You waita. I wašta my money: to come here, and you stopa me!'

I was very sorry for his disappointment, though it was his own fault. I can only hope that time has healed the wound of that little tragedy.

The saving, not the wasting of money, was the main theme of my conversation with Sir Thomas Lipton.

I was invited to go to Còwes to take pictures from his yacht, the *Shamrock*.

I knew nothing of yachting, but I knew enough to remember to take rubber-soled shoes with me, for it is a very grave crime to go on deck in leather.

The skipper had less than no opinion of carrying an extra passenger for the race. Every one on board must pull his weight, so when orders were given to ship sail, and I unstrapped my camera, he stopped me.

'I'll be something-or-other if you do that now,' he roared. 'Help 'em up with the mainsail.'

Sir Thomas also helped, and only when everything was set, and we were well under way, was I allowed to produce the despised camera.

While I was shooting, Sir Thomas came up to me. He was the kindest old man who ever breathed, with the keen eyes of a hawk but a smile like a benediction.

He inquired in great detail into my work and prospects, then proceeded to ask me about my home-

life, myself, my hopes and ambitions, and personal things of that sort.

I had no objection to talking to him, because he was so obviously kindly and interested in all the world. Therefore I answered his searching questions as well as I could. Suddenly he shot at me, 'Have you a mother living?' Almost without waiting, he told me about his own mother.

'She made me everything that I am,' he announced. 'She made me save. Shall I tell you how to make money? It was her plan.'

There were few things in which I was more interested, and I said so.

'How much loose money have you, about you, not counting notes?' he asked.

I dived into my pocket and brought out about twelve shillings in small silver. There were also a few coppers, which he pushed to one side.

'Every night before going to bed,' he wagged a forefinger at me with great impressiveness, 'go over your money like this, and put aside in a box two-pence for every shilling you possess. If you do that regularly, you will be astonished to find how much you have saved by the end of the year. That was the beginning of my money-making. That was my mother's great idea, when I was only a grocer's boy.'

He then sent me down to the cabin, where he said there were plenty of soft drinks and plenty of good Lipton's tea.

We talked again for a little while when I went on

to deck. His conversation was all advice and kindly interest, as though he wanted to delve behind the trade or profession and find the man. I have no doubt whatever that all the crew had been through it with him, and there was not a man on board to whom he had not communicated his wonderful savings scheme.

And it was wonderful too. For I tried it for a year. Every night I most religiously counted my money and put aside twopence for each shilling. By the end of a year, when I was just going on holiday, I opened my box and took out £30. I'm afraid the taking out part was not according to Sir Thomas's plan.

Thrift is not everyone's line of country. No one spent money more lavishly in his hey-day than Horatio Bottomley, one of the most tragic and spectacular figures of our time.

I remember seeing him at Monte Carlo when I had been sent down there to do Society for the *Daily Sketch*.

Sir Edward Hulton, who owned the paper, was going to be there, on Mr. Solly Joel's yacht, with a party of guests.

In the crush on the tennis-ground I found myself near a typical John Bull of a man, perfectly dressed, tanned and debonair, with a Corona Corona between his lips.

I recognized him in a flash as Bottomley on holiday.

I asked permission to shoot, telling him who I was. He had plenty of people around him at that time, plenty of influence, lashings of money.

I forgot him when I went over to the pigeon-shooting to shoot the French aristocracy. There was no more sport about it than when a farmer's wife wrings the neck of a hapless fowl, nor had the pigeon any more chance of escape. Furthermore, since the marksmanship was anything but good, the mutilated bird sometimes fluttered to the sea, to drop down there and die.

My blood boiled at such a travesty of sport. The only shots I wanted to take were genuine ones at the men with double-barrelled guns maiming small birds, and I mentioned that to the doorkeeper as I went out in disgust.

That night, still in search of sport, I went to the Casino and had the pleasure of seeing Lord Rosslyn break the bank.

Fired with the desire to go and do likewise, I ventured the lowest money they would take, and put a five-franc piece on the red and won. I then moved off to another table and put the same piece of money on to the red again. Again I won, so did the woman next to me. She left her earnings where they were. So did I. We won.

For the rest of the evening I sauntered about, always backing the number seven on the red and always winning. I came out that evening into the night with 500 francs in my pocket, that is to say,

about £20. I never went near the tables again, but although I did not break the bank, I did come home broke.

I saw Mr. Bottomley again, many years later, a broken, shrivelled little old man, on the stage of the Windmill Theatre. He was mumbling in half-audible tones the pitiful story of his life in prison. It was a very terrible sight.

But there was even further degradation in store for him. On another occasion I saw him in the corridor of one of the newspaper offices in Fleet Street. He was crouching against the wall, tired and panting. He had come up to Fleet Street to try to sell, for a couple of shillings, the information that Bottomley, once so rich and powerful, had now accepted the old-age pension.

Since life was so hard for him, I was very glad indeed to hear that he was dead. Never did a man find out more bitterly to his cost that all that glitters is not gold.

Once, however, I did find gold, real gold, in the lovely Vale of Tawe of all places in the world. For a gold mine had been discovered near Llandovery, in South Wales.

In order to kill two birds with one stone, I went to Ludlow on my way into Wales to take pictures of the pageant. That pageant went the same way that all pageants go, that is to say, nobody enjoyed themselves quite so much as the people taking part.

Then I pushed on through Herefordshire, ablaze

me. At a word from him the dogs dashed forward. Then back came those sheep, looking at me as reproachfully as soldiers on fatigue.

I shot them and obtained one of the loveliest pictures I have ever made, the kind of print which could hold its own in any exhibition.

It appeared as a half-page picture in the *Daily Herald*, and I was careful to send a copy to the farmer.

I drove as far as Llandovery and stopped at the petrol station to ask where the gold was.

Llandovery, by the way, is very sceptical of the gold mine. With true Welsh caution it refuses to approve until it knows more about it.

But the man at the garage directed me to Pump-saint, a village about twelve miles distant, and at the end of a tiny winding lane I came to a notice-board marked 'Private' and drove in, and up to a miniature pit-head. It was the dinner-hour, and the men were up. I shot them. It was well for me I did so, I had no other chance. I decided to go down the shaft with them, so I had to dress up in tarpaulin trousers, big rubber boots, apron cape and hard tarpaulin hat. We all looked like North Sea fishermen in a storm. But we needed the clothes, for in the mine there was a continual downpour of torrential rain. We arrived down to find the place still full of the smoke from the dynamite which had been exploded before lunch. The tunnel through which we went up to the seam was a stream of swiftly

with the beauty of an English June, and drove back into the Middle Ages when I reached the unspoiled, fourteenth-century village of Pembridge. The world seems to have passed this place by. Time had kissed the oak beams of the houses and the stones of the old church, and has apparently decided to stand still in Pembridge.

The beauty of the little place was enough to make a dumb man speak or to turn a press camera-man lyrical.

I very badly wanted to take a shot of a certain street, but since I could not 'Joshua' the sun, I decided to stay there overnight. So I got up next morning at six o'clock, and went down a cobbled way to the street of my choice, carrying with me two ginger beer boxes for elevation. I placed them in position so as to get a view, thinking as I did so that the village peace was really past understanding. The very houses seemed asleep. The morning itself was drowsy.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of hundreds of little pattering hoofs, and the bleating of countless lambs who had temporarily mislaid their mothers. They trotted past me and so down the street. It has the most marvellous setting for a picture. Behind them came the farmer in a small milk-cart, with two sheep-dogs, Handy and Cymro, in attendance. I asked the farmer whether he would be good enough to have the sheep driven back again, so that I might shoot them as they came towards

me. At a word from him the dogs dashed forward. Then back came those sheep, looking at me as reproachfully as soldiers on fatigue.

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flowing water, and the roof was so low that we had to stoop the whole time. I then saw the point of wearing hard-topped hats, to protect one from hurting one's head on the roof. When we did arrive at the seam, I was told that I was standing on the spot where there had been works in Roman times.

The whole thing is in the experimental stage. Mr. Theophilus, the owner, hopes ultimately to form a company and to produce high quality gold.

In the meantime, whether the results come up to his expectation or not, he is finding employment for men who never expected to do a day's work again in their lives.

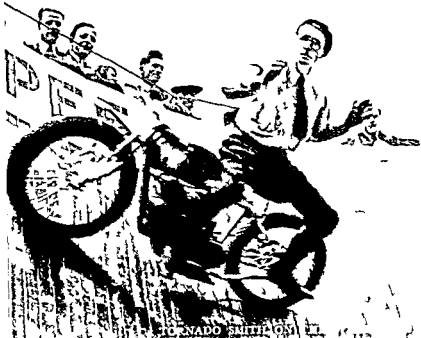
It will be interesting to watch the future of Welsh gold.

Gold in its thousands fell to the lot of the Italian coffee-shop keeper, Scala, when he won the first prize in the Irish Sweepstake.

When the draw was announced, naturally all the newspapers wanted him. But he was missing from his home in Battersea, and was not to be found.

Cars were sent all over the place, for there was a rumour that he had gone down to the south coast. Another rumour said he was in Maidstone, and I went there. But I had no success. In fact the whole lot of the camera-men drew blank covers that day. About eleven that night the office gave it up, and had to confess itself beaten.

So home started J. Jarché in his car. But instead of going straight home, I thought I might as well



run round by Battersea Just in case Parking my car some way away, I crept near the house A man was standing on the doorstep looking out into the night I whispered, 'Where is he?'

He started, then whispered back, 'Inside!' and jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the kitchen

I went through the passage and into the back kitchen, where sat the lucky man, with his family about him, all of them worried to death and overwhelmed by the immensity of the future which had overtaken him

'What you want?' he asked me

'To congratulate you, Mr Scala, on behalf of the *Daily Herald*, on having beaten all the Press,' I said, holding out my hand.

He shook it and allowed himself to relax a little

'And now,' I went on 'may I congratulate you on your luck I haven't won a bean, but I've hunted for you all day long Be a saint and do a fellow a good turn'

He beamed from ear to ear in true Cheshire cat fashion and said 'Si' Si'' many times emphatically

So I shot, then rushed back to the office, where they stopped the machines to catch the last edition, which splashed the Scala picture next morning on page one

The brotherhood of the Press comes into contact with a great deal of money, but very little of it comes their way They are not thrifty nor provident

They never put by for the rainy day. On bus-fare salaries they have Rolls-Royce tastes. They marry young. They buy houses. They run cars. In fact, they drink the wine of life to the bottom of the glass, with a gusto.

So that with all the drawbacks of our life, its insecurity, its hardness, but its gripping, vital interest, I don't believe there is one of us who would exchange his lot with that of any one else.

I certainly wouldn't change places with any one of the millions of people, rich or poor, whom I have shot.

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